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TALKING FISH.

WE engrave herewith a learned seal, or talking fish, which is now being exhibited in England. It has long been well known to naturalists that the *phoca*, or common seal, when taken young, is susceptible of education, and can be taught to obey the word of command. The animal whose portrait we present herewith—like some similar creatures which have been exhibited in this country—rises and lies down when ordered by its keeper; performs a marine dance with its tail; kisses the benevolent individual who looks after its comfort; and has made such progress in elocution as to pronounce pretty distinctly the words "Papa" and "Mamma." The keeper tells the usual wonderful stories about its intelligence; assures a wondering public that its last despairing, heart-rending cry—when it was captured—was "Mamma!" This our readers are at liberty to believe if they choose. Certain it seems that animals of this race are susceptible of very considerable education. It is well known that many varieties of fresh-water fish—such as carp, perch, gold fish, and even pickerel—can be taught to come at the word of command, and, when properly trained, will eat out of the hand of their master. The seal surpasses these fish in intelligence; under skillful management there is no saying how far its education may not be carried.

Birds and beasts we have domesticated, and rendered useful servants. There is no reason why fish should not be tamed by similar processes, and should not hereafter fulfill some useful purpose in domestic economy.

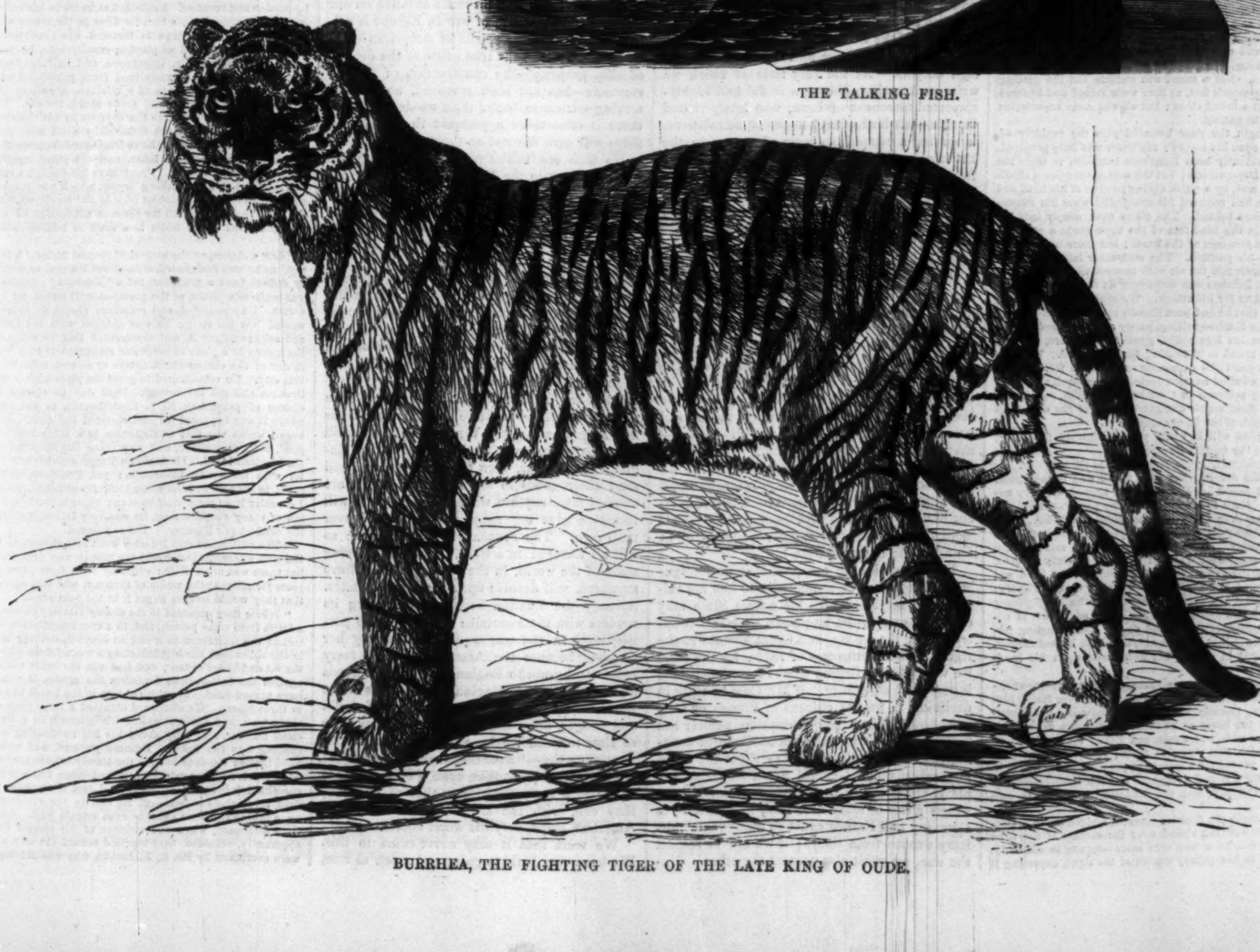
THE TALKING FISH.

THE FIGHTING TIGER OF THE KING OF OUDE.

THE tiger whose portrait we give herewith—from a sketch made by permission of the naturalist Isaacson—is the famous Burrhea, the fighting tiger of the late King of Oude. He was kept by the King expressly for his fighting qualities, and bears on his body many a scarred reminiscence of past combats. In his last fight, it is said, he killed his antagonist in ten minutes. Only a few days ago, since he arrived, with other spoils of the conquered Kingdom of Oude, in London, England, he saw a horse pass his den. His eyes flashed fury; he sprang to his feet, and, with a furious roar, rushed against the bars of his cage. He fancied himself once more in the arena at Lucknow. His keeper states, however, that he is a very gentle creature naturally, and quite affectionate when caressed.

He stands five feet two inches in height, and is therefore an unusually large animal. His ordinary food is twenty-five pounds of raw meat per day.

We take the following account of one of Burrhea's encounters from the "Private Life of an Eastern King." His antagonist on this occasion was a famous stallion whose ferocity and blood-thirstiness had won



BURRHEA, THE FIGHTING TIGER OF THE LATE KING OF OUDE.

him the name of the man-eater, and immense fame throughout the Kingdom of Oude, which at one time he had almost devastated:

"Burrhea was the name of a favorite tiger of the King's, so called from a village at the foot of the Himalayas, near which he had been taken.

"We were all assembled at Chaun-gunge in the gallery of a court-yard, about sixty yards square in extent—a court-yard with buildings all round, and a veranda below. Thick bamboo railing had been put up in front of the veranda, so as completely to encircle the court-yard, and to form a sort of enlarged cage. The man-eater had been enticed into the inclosure by means of a little mare—a *tattoo*, as the country horses are called—of trifling value.

"The King and his usual suite of female attendants had taken their places in the gallery, he on a sofa placed there for the purpose, they behind him. We stood on his Majesty's right and left, leaning on the parapet or on the sofa. Every one commanded a full view of the court-yard, and the ladies seemed to relish the prospect as much as any one.

"The order was given, and Burrhea's cage was brought into the veranda. A door in the bamboo-railing, prepared for the purpose, was drawn up, the cage-door was opened, and Burrhea bounded into the court-yard, lashing his sides with his long tail, and glaring furiously upon the man-eater and his little female friend. A more beautiful tiger than Burrhea it would not be easy to discover in all India. His glossy coat, regularly streaked, shone in the inclosure, in pleasant contrast with the frowsy covering of the little mare. Even the well-kept hide of the man-eater was sadly wanting in brilliancy when compared with the glittering skin of Burrhea.

"The tiger had been kept without food or drink from the previous day to prepare him for the assault. He glared savagely at the horses as he entered, and commenced slowly stealing along toward them. The man-eater kept his eyes fixed on the eye-balls of his enemy. Not for an instant did he take them off; his head lowered, standing in an easy attitude, with one foot slightly advanced, he awaited the attack, moving as Burrhea moved, but always with the eyes intently fixed. As for the poor little mare, she was transfixed with fear—paralyzed—apparently unable to take a thought for preservation. She stood cowering in a corner, awaiting her fate. With a slight bound Burrhea was upon the mare in an instant. A blow of his paw threw her over on the ground; his teeth were fastened in her neck, and he drank her blood greedily. It was simple butchery; for there was no resistance.

"'It will make Burrhea only the more savage,' said the King, rubbing his hands gleefully. The European courtiers assented; and the female attendants, ignorant of the language, but certain that the King was pleased, were mightily pleased too. They exchanged glances of approbation and of satisfaction ere they turned again to watch the proceedings in the court-yard.

"Burrhea might have been from three to five minutes enjoying his draught of blood—not more—his head turned toward the man-eater all the time, and his eyes for the most part fixed on him. The man-eater, on his side, gave no indications of uneasiness. An impatient snort or two escaped him; that was all. With protruded neck and cocked ears, and glaring eyeballs, and twitching tail, he watched his enemy intently, still standing in an easy attitude of attention, as if prepared for immediate action.

"At length Burrhea was satisfied, or else no more blood was forthcoming; and taking his claws out of the dead animal, and shaking himself as he did so, he began to go stealthily round the court-yard, like a cat stealing a march on a rat. He made no noise whatever. The large paws were placed one after the other upon the ground, the soft ball of the foot preventing any sound. Slowly were they raised and depressed while the long back as slowly made its way forward—now raised at the shoulders, now at the hind-quarters, as the legs were moved—the skin glancing backward and forward as if hardly belonging to the bones and muscles beneath it. It was not a scene to be forgotten: the King and his attendant females gazing intently above; the European courtiers straining with eyes and ears to catch every movement and every sound; the man-eater in the centre of the court-yard slowly turning as the tiger turned, his head and ears and neck ever the same; the tiger stealing along, so cat-like in aspect, and yet so gigantic in strength. Not a sound was audible but the grating of the man-eater's feet, as they were raised and lowered again—not a sound other; but all was mute expectation and anxious gazing.

"At length the tiger bounded with the rapidity of lightning upon his enemy; the horse was fully prepared. It had evidently been Burrhea's intention to seize the head and fore-quarters; but the man-eater was too adroit for that; and, by a quick diving motion of his head and shoulders, had received his antagonist upon his muscular haunches behind. The claws sank deeply into the flesh, while the hind-feet of the tiger made a grasp or two at the fore-legs of the horse; but there was no time to secure his position. The man-eater lashed up with his iron heels into the air with tremendous vigor, and in a moment Burrhea was sprawling on the ground, not at all the better for his attack. We could hardly perceive, however, that he had been thrown upon his back—partly against the bamboo-railing, partly on the ground—when he was on his legs again, gyrating as before, moving stealthily round as if nothing had happened. With an indignant snort the man-eater resumed his former position, and awaited another spring, his muscular haunches bearing evidence in their lacerated skin, and in the gouts of blood which disfigured them, of the sharpness and strength of the tiger's claws.

"'Burrhea will kill him yet!' exclaimed the King, turning to the nearest European.

"'Undoubtedly, your Majesty,' said the courtier.

"Cat-like did Burrhea pace round and round again, his broad round head ever turned toward his wary antagonist. Each foot with its brawny paw was lifted and lowered again in succession, noiselessly as before, while the beautifully-streaked hide played over the bones and muscles freely. With distended nostrils and flashing eyes the man-eater watched again as intently as ever, exactly in the same position as formerly, the head and neck lowered and protruded; the ears cocked rigidly; the eyes fixed in a glazing stare at the stealthily-gliding tiger; and one fore-foot ever slightly advanced, to admit, doubtless, of that rapid diving and thrusting forward of the shoulder and head, by which he had formerly succeeded in getting his antagonist upon his hind-quarters.

"For fully eight or ten minutes did this monotonous circling of Burrhea continue, the man-eater ever facing him and gazing intently, an angry snort now and then bursting from the horse as he turned. Burrhea opened his huge jaws widely at times, and licked up the drops of blood which still clung to them; and once (but once only) he paused for a moment over the dead mare, as if meditating a second draught. But the irresolution was only momentary, and the monotonous walk was continued.

"At length the decisive moment arrived again. Burrhea was standing almost over the carcass of the dead mare, when he sprang once more—sprang so suddenly, that we in the gallery started at the sight, expecting it though we were; and more than one of the attendants on the King gave forth a stifled exclamation of alarm. There was no premonitory growl or display of any kind. It was as if by galvanic agency the tiger had been suddenly lifted into the air in the course of his monotonous gyration.

"Man-eater was not taken by surprise, however. His head was ducked still lower than before; his fore-quarters seemed to glide under the springing assailant; and again were Burrhea's claws dug deeply into his haunches, but further over on this occasion than on the former. The broad round head of the tiger projected for an instant beyond the tail of the horse, while his hind-claws were sunk deeply into the man-eater's breast. For an instant we saw him quivering unsteadily in that position, crouching with his belly on the horse's back, clinging to his prey for an instant, but only for an instant. Again did the ferocious stallion lash up with his hind-feet, almost as if he would throw himself over on his back. His iron heels came with crushing force against the jaw of Burrhea, and in a moment the tiger was sprawling helplessly upon the ground, once more stretched upon his back.

"It was but for an instant, however, that Burrhea thus lay; but, when he resumed his feet, and began running round the bamboo inclosure, it was quite apparent that it was no longer to attack again, but to escape. His jaw was broken; and, with his tail between his legs, he cried out loudly with pain as he ran round, not unlike a whipped spaniel. The man-eater watched him, as before, intently, evidently fearful of a *ruse*, and finding it difficult to keep up with his rapid motion. But it was no *ruse*: Burrhea was looking eagerly for some method of escape, crying almost piteously as he did so. 'His jaw is broken,' was whispered by some of the male servants below, who watched him from the veranda. The sound reached our gallery, and the King heard it.

"'Burrhea's jaw is broken!' he exclaimed to us; 'shall we let him escape?'

"'As your Majesty pleases,' was our answer.

"The signal was given—the door of the cage was opened, the bamboos opposite to it raised, and Burrhea rushed in to bury himself in the furthest corner.

"Proudly did the man-eater snort and paw when he found himself thus victor. He first scampered up to the mare, and snuffed there a moment; and then, spurning her with his foot, with head aloft and tail arched, he trotted to one point and another of the bamboo railing, as if anxious to get at the attendant servants. His blood was up; and tigers or men, he did not mind which were his assailants now, or which he assailed."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 11, 1859.

THE FARCE OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

THE following letter has been published in the papers:

"Department of State, Washington, *May* 17, 1859.

"*To Mr. Felix Le Clerc, Memphis, Tennessee*:

"Sir,—Your letter of the 13th inst. has been received. In reply I have to state that it is understood that the French Government claims military service from all natives of France who may be found within its jurisdiction. Your naturalization in this country will not exempt you from that claim if you should voluntarily repair thither.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"Lewis Cass."

In other words, the title of an American citizen, which is held out as an inducement to foreigners to settle in this country, is a mere empty distinction, involving, it is true, allegiance and loyalty on the one side, but no such thing as protection on the other. Outside of the limits of the United States it can not shield its bearer from outrage and oppression by foreign despots. At the very time at which we write an American citizen, a useful and highly-respected merchant of Iowa, who lately visited Prussia—his birth-place—to see some relatives, is serving a compulsory term of service in the Prussian army without a word of remonstrance from our Government.

It will be with curious feelings that the future biographer of Lewis Cass will say that, after a life of conspicuous honor, and active devotion to the interests of his country, he crowned his career by ingrafting on the policy of the United States the principle that the naturalization law is a mockery, and that this nation can not afford to protect its citizens abroad.

He will observe—this biographer—that Mr. Cass's want of spirit in this matter was the more remarkable, as his duty was clear and its execution easy. The Constitution and the laws know no distinction between native and naturalized citizens. They are all *citizens*—that word comprises every thing. The modern quibble that a foreigner must have fulfilled his obligations to his native country before presenting himself for naturalization here is inconsistent both with law and with common sense. No word of obligations to foreign States is to be found in the naturalization law.

If the doctrine be accepted that no foreign-born citizen can be protected who has not fulfilled the services which his native State may choose to exact from its people, then this country was in the wrong, and Great Britain in the right, in the controversy of 1813; for the service which Great Britain exacts from her people is perpetual allegiance. If Mr. Cass be right in declining to protect citizens of French or German birth against the conscription, neither can he justify the Government of Madison in denying the right of the British to shoot the Irishmen taken under General Scott. The principle is the same in both cases. Great Britain exacts a life of allegiance from her natives, as Germany and France exact so many years' military service from theirs; if we are to respect the one, we must also respect the other. Under the policy of Mr. Cass, every British-born citizen in the country might be shot as a traitor if, in the event of war with England, they served under the American flag. Naturalization, in fact, under this reading of the law, becomes a farce.

The true idea of the naturalization law of the United States is, that every man has, on reaching his majority, a right to select his country, irrespective of the accident of his birth, and that by doing so the transfer which a foreigner makes of his allegiance to the land of his adoption is thorough, complete, and final. This idea is a necessary and legitimate consequence of the great democratic principle on which all our institutions and all our liberties are based. The recognition by our Government of the pains and penalties imposed by foreign potentates on those who have had the misfortune to be born in their dominions gives the lie to our whole political system, and involves a denial of the first propositions in the Declaration of Independence.

But Mr. Cass's future biographer will go on to say that the most curious feature of the affair is the blindness of the Secretary to the inevitable consequences of a manly and spirited policy. Had he followed in the footsteps of Madison, Scott, and Jackson, and insisted on making the European sovereigns respect American citizens of whatever origin, it would have cost the country little or nothing, and the political reward would have been liberal. It would not have been necessary to make war on the offending nations. A simple embargo on their wares and produce would have achieved the end desired without appreciable injury to this country. Neither Prussia nor any other European state would risk the loss of their American trade for the sake of half a dozen additional soldiers. Six months' stoppage of the export of dry goods from Germany and France to the United States would break half the foreign spinners, and would very quickly bring the sovereigns to their senses. And what a triumph for American diplomacy! It may safely be said that no single act would create such enthusiasm throughout this country as the humiliation of a European power for outraging an American citizen. Every American heart would thrill with pride at intelligence of such an event. Nothing would be too great for the successful vindicator of American citizenship to ask of his countrymen. Witness the affair of Koszta.

But Mr. Cass, it seems, prefers to go down to posterity as the champion of the truckling policy—as the statesman who, over his own signature, admitted that American citizens, with American passports in their pocket, and in sight of the American flag, might be seized, imprisoned, and outraged by foreign despots with perfect impunity.

GOOD NEWS FOR SHIP-OWNERS.

We have all been lamenting, ever since the Peace of Paris, the blight that has fallen on our shipping; the renewal of war in Europe is calculated to revive the spirits of American ship-owners. Though the true cause of the decline of ship property—the construction of foreign steamers—has not been removed, accident is serving our cause better than we deserve, and there is once more a prospect that American ships will earn interest on their cost.

No man can tell at what moment England may take part in the European war. There is evidently a strong desire, on the part of the reigning family, and their friends among the aristocracy, to lend aid to Austria; they are strengthened in their views by the London *Times*, which grows more bitter every day against the Emperor of the French. Between the two, it is quite possible that, despite her proclamation of neutrality, the British Queen may find herself a combatant before the war lasts much longer. Any interference on the part of Russia would increase the probability of British participation in the war.

The effect of England's becoming an actor in the war would be to drive her carrying trade into American hands. Whether Britannia still rules the waves or no, it is evident that if England goes to war, even British merchants will send their goods to sea in vessels which are exempt from capture where they can, and will therefore give our ships the preference over their own. The French will do the same; so will all Europe: in a word, the whole carrying trade of the world, in the contingency we have supposed, will devolve upon the United States. Already the London *Times* is comforting its readers with the assurance that England's participation in the war would not destroy her trade—"because the Americans would carry cotton and grain to England, and cotton goods and hardware from England to all parts of the world." Relying, now in their hour of doubt and danger, upon the maxim which they were so slow to acknowledge when they had no interests at stake—"Free Ships make Free Goods"—the English boast that, even if Napoleon has equipped a navy superior to that of England, they can, with the aid of this country and American ships, defy his worst efforts.

We trust that it may never come to this. We have very little to gain, and much to lose, by Great Britain mixing in a general European war. Interest apart, to every friend of humanity such an event would be revolting. Nor does our shipping interest need so powerful a stimulus. The bare possibility that England may be driven into the war will naturally increase the demand for American vessels in every part of the world. No British vessel can sail on a voyage of a month with a perfect certainty of arriving without risk of capture. In these days of telegraphs and railroads a week may precipitate Great Britain into the war, and cover the British channel and the Atlantic with French cruisers. What, in such a case, would become of the vast fleets of large British vessels freighted with valuable cargoes from India and China?

Every prudent English merchant has already directed his Asiatic and Australian correspondents to ship in American vessels where he can. A few mails will show this to be the case.

The event should at once stimulate our ship-owners to remedy the real cause of the decline of American ship-property. Screw and side-wheel steamers should at once be built. Hitherto ship-owners have had good reasons for not increasing their marine investments. Now they are going to make money again; let them build steamers without delay—not foolish, expensive vessels like the Collins ships, but sensible, economical craft, like Vanderbilt's fleet and the Glasgow screw-ships.

Commodore Vanderbilt launched, a few days ago, an ocean steamer wholly built of iron—a thing hitherto deemed impossible in this country. Where shall we find men wise enough and enterprising enough to follow the example? If there are none such, the stimulus which the war is imparting to the American shipping interests will be the preface to a reaction which will utterly destroy them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOMICIDE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY IN UTAH.

We have received a long letter from Mr. W. G. Mills, of Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, denying the statements contained in a letter published some time since in this journal, describing the murder of a deaf and dumb boy in Utah. Mr. Mills, who is evidently a Mormon, eulogizes the Mormons very highly, and rates our informant soundly for what he calls untrue statements. We are bound to say that our correspondent is a man of honor and veracity, and that, on the present showing, we see no reason to alter the opinion to that effect which we expressed in publishing his letter. At the same time, in justice to the people of Utah Territory, we give Mr. Mills's version of the story:

"Andrew Bernard was well known in this city and vicinity. He resided here for years, and grew up a man among us. To call him a 'boy' is only to make a certain effect. He was twenty years old, stood five feet ten inches high, good-proportioned, well-knit and active frame, and weighed 160 pounds. He was a man of uncommon strength; and unrestrained by intellect, was very dangerous in applying that strength when excited by passion and revenge. Neglected at home in his training; a notorious liar; a butt for boys in the street who thought it their privilege to torment him; naturally mischievous, and fond of playing cruel tricks, he possessed an ungovernable, impetuous, and irritable temper, and could only be restrained from gratifying any propensity by the influence of a relative—a respectable citizen here, to whom he had given much trouble. He had for years been a pest to the citizens by his thieving propensities, and was much dreaded by the female portion. In several instances he so frightened females that it brought on premature labor, and did other injuries and annoyances to them. Previous to his death he contracted the habit of drinking liquor, which was encouraged by some of our transient friends and teamsters, who deemed it a source of fun for them in witnessing his antics and cruel tricks while in a state of half-intoxication.

"Last autumn, on the arrival of several trains, 'Dummy,' as he was designated, stole about the sum of seventy dollars from a teamster, not a 'Mormon.' Affidavit was made to a justice of the peace—a writ issued for his arrest. He absconded, and remained absent for several weeks. On his return he was charged with the theft, and acknowledged it, and represented that he wrapped the money in a piece of cloth and concealed it in a tree in one of the cañons about twelve or sixteen miles from this city. He volunteered to go to the place with a policeman and get the money. Next day he started, in charge of policeman N. L. Christiansen, to the spot where it was supposed he had secreted the cash. And here I would say that Christiansen is a sober man, of good, mild disposition, and any thing but disposed to shed human blood. He bears an irreproachable character with those who know him; yet, I believe, would stand in his own defense when violently attacked, which I consider is a proper trait in man; though, in the opinion of many sensible men, he was very forbearing with the conduct of 'Dummy.' But to resume.

"The policeman and Dummy went into the cañon, to the spot where the latter said the money was deposited, but there was none there; and they went from place to place for miles at the whim of Dummy, who still signed that they would be sure to get it in the next place.

"While they returned to the shanty Dummy obtained a knife from some person, and, in a convenient place, attacked the policeman in a violent manner, striking him in the side above the hip, inflicting a wound from which the fat and blood oozed; and had not the knife struck against the belt-buckle, diverting the stroke, it would have proved fatal. He also cut him in the hands in two or three places. He afterward obtained a large piece of sharp iron, and again attacked Christiansen in a ferocious manner, who only saved his life by dodging and running into the house. Dummy pursued, and would have broken the door but for the timely interference of some passers-by. Again he attacked him; but not accomplishing his purpose, he ran off, and the policeman fired three shots at him—all he had in the revolver—none taking sufficient effect to even cripple him. Some time afterward, when the violence of his temper had, apparently, subsided, they traveled toward the city, and were overtaken by Mr. E. K. Hanks, who was driving a

team and wagon, from whom they obtained a ride, and who knew nothing of their business until told by them. When near the mouth of Emigration Cañon, he requested the policeman to go to a certain place to which he pointed, for the last time, and he would certainly get the money. The latter, anxious to obtain it, and having traveled so far, did not like to return without it, if possible, and he went with him. They jumped from the wagon, requesting Mr. Hanks to stay until their return, and proceeded forthwith toward the place. When Dummy got him in a convenient hollow, out of sight of Mr. Hanks, he pounced on Christiansen in a treacherous manner, with a fiendish determination to destroy him; but the latter had to defend himself, and, after a struggle, succeeded in grasping his knife, and put an end to the conflict by plunging it in his neck and felling him. Not knowing what to do with the body in such a place, he, in company with Mr. Hanks, drove to the city and informed the Captain of the Police, who at once informed the Mayor of the occurrence, and the whole case was left in their hands. Justice Clinton, being informed of the facts, repaired immediately, in company with others, and held an inquest on the body, had it conveyed to the city cemetery and decently interred.

"These are the substantial and unqualified facts of the case, without the least attempt to extenuate; and every man will see that Christiansen was perfectly justified in the act. His forbearance was greater than the generality of men would have been disposed to extend toward a dangerous, ungovernable man, who had attacked him so often, and who not only resisted him wildly while in the execution of his duty, but who had an evident design on his life."

THE LOUNGER.

THE NEW NAPOLEON AND THE OLD.

Some of us did not think that we should ever read a proclamation of the Emperor Napoleon to the army of Italy. We thought that chapter of History was closed. Marengo belonged to the Past. Arcole, "the terrible bridge of Lodi," they were to be mentioned with Agincourt and Crécy.

But we have read the proclamation, and we may yet read of the battle of Marengo—not in Alison, but in the newspapers. These very pages may be called upon to illustrate the victory of the new Napoleon upon the field where the old secured Italy.

When Napoleon Bonaparte first descended into Italy he was twenty-seven years old, entirely unused to command, and his army was cowering upon the Alps, whither the united Austrians and Piedmontese had driven them. His first proclamation said to them, "Famine, cold, and misery, are the school of good soldiers," and the event proved it. He marched straight to Turin, suppressed the rebellion at Pavia, crossed the bridge of Lodi, and sat down before Mantua. On the shores of the Lake of Garda—on the dykes of Arcola—on the plain of Rivoli. The veteran Wurmser surrendered Mantua and retired. The Austrian Archduke Charles, with thirty thousand of his best soldiers, marched to meet the Frenchman upon the plains of the Po. Venice revolted to the invader; the Austrians were hunted up into the Alps; at the head of thirty-five thousand men Napoleon stood upon the shore of the Adriatic, having marched across the peninsula—made peace, and went home.

This was only his first campaign. Marengo was four years later.

The new Napoleon leads an army of two hundred thousand men into the same fields, no longer hostile, but friendly. Fresh, disciplined, active, it is undoubtedly the flower of living armies. It is not famine, cold, and misery, of which the Emperor speaks. But in his first proclamation he says: "Beware of too great enthusiasm, which is the only thing I fear." The enemy are not less in number, and they are not merely defending themselves, but they are fighting for the very existence of their empire. But the foot of this enemy burns the ground upon which it treads. To the traditional hate felt by the Italians toward the Germans is now added horror at the barbarity with which the Austrians conduct the war, and the two hundred thousand perfectly-appointed Frenchmen are reinforced by an exasperated native population. Meanwhile Europe looks gravely on, with its hand upon the sword indeed, but the sword in the scabbard, while those fair, historic, Italian fields await the shock of battle.

The London *Times* would fain be incredulous of the event. It finds too much study of melodramatic effect in the constant recurrence by the French to particular days and to past glories. It declines to believe that a raw military hand can dispute the palm with a consummate master.

Failure indeed is possible to the greatest genius—it overtakes the greatest luck. *Mon Oncle* had leisure to reflect upon this fact at Saint Helena. Therefore even Louis Napoleon's singular good fortune may coquette with him, and coquetry in his case is destruction. Austria fights for her imperial existence; but, on the other hand, so long as the treaty of Vienna, which excludes Napoleon's family from the French throne, is the law of Europe, so long Louis Napoleon is an outlaw. He must return to Paris victorious, or not return at all. Had the uncle failed, he might have found his road to the throne lying through some other country. If the nephew fails, his throne falls.

THE RACES.

Horse-racing has always led a rather precarious existence among us. It has been considered the peculiar interest of black-legs and professional jockeys. Gentlemen occasionally went to the races, but not even a Board of Aldermen adjourned in their honor, as the British Parliament does for the Derby day; nor has any respectable bishop in the State ever been known to postpone a visitation that he might attend, as was stated, without contradiction, of an English bishop. In Charleston, South Carolina, the races are more recognized as a distinctly fashionable resort. Families in the country time their visits to town to hit the races. But elsewhere the institution has existed by tolerance, and ladies have not been wont to attend.

The especial reason of this was, unquestionably, the conviction that the contest was not to be decided according to actual superiority, but by arrangement. The racers were generally in possession of persons not known outside of "the sporting world," and very well known within it; so that a little cloud of suspicion rested upon the race, and the better was always in doubt whether the fastest horse was to be allowed to win.

There is, however, such an inextinguishable love of horse-flesh in the human heart that a large crowd always waits upon any race that promises the least excitement; and the recent trial between Ethan Allen and Flora Temple excited an usual attention. Twelve or fifteen thousand persons are supposed to have been upon the ground, and Flora Temple bore away the bays. The contest was the more interesting because they were each the fastest specimens of their sex in the country. The horses trotted "to wagon," as it is called upon the turf—which means in a carriage of four wheels—the other kind of trotting being "to harness," or in a sulky on two wheels. The time made by the successful Flora was 2 minutes and 25 seconds, for the first mile, or heat, and 2.27½ for each of the other two. There were three heats, in all of which Flora Temple was the winner, and is, therefore, the fastest trotter in the country.

That, of course, is a matter of immense satisfaction to all who did not lose money by Ethan Allen. It has, also, of course, greatly enhanced the value of Flora Temple and all her progeny. For after all, those philosophers and moralists in spectacles and Quaker clothes who haunted the race-course, and who are always to be found at such places, must see clearly, even without the spectacles, that a race is like a flower. The unsophisticated think the flower is a final thing in itself. They do not know that it is merely the germ of the fruit. And so the unthinking suppose a race to end with the running. They forget that the victor's worth is enormously increased, and that all the foals of the winning horse have a corresponding value.

Will some one of those philosophers inform us why peculiar dishonesty belongs to the horse-trade? and why the term jockeying is synonymous with knavery?

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

The happy people who will run away from the hot streets this summer, will see no lovelier sight than the sparkling cascades that vein green hillsides with living silver, or the cool, dark, calm springs in the shady depths of woods, over which they will lean upon their hands and knees and quaff the electric water. Wherever they are, whether by sea-side or on river banks or on lofty hills whence they can see little lakes and rills hiding in grassy meadows, or whether they watch the sudden shower of pattering crystal, or the rainbow that makes visible the promise of God, or the clouds that garnish the sunset, it will still be the beauty and the blessing of water that cheers their eyes and minds.

Will they think of those who can not climb the hills, nor walk in the woods or the meadows? Will they remember the dry streets in which the very flowers seem to pine, and where the only thickets are crinoline, and the only singing birds are feathered ones in cages, or poor ones in nurseries, who can not fly away for the summer?

Yet the last kind do not sing much. They are mostly silent and cheerless. In the lovely economy of nature there is a constant growth and development toward greater beauty from the egg to the caterpillar, and from the grub to the butterfly, from the little gaping mouths of mere featherless tissue to the exquisitely liquid trill of the wood thrush or the jubilant glee of the bob-o'-link. But this last kind of singers in city nurseries grow more silent as they grow older, so that they suggest bird-singing by contrast rather than in any other way.

But every thing which helps and cheers them, every thing which tends to refresh the city with the blessings of the country, is surely worth introducing. And water that leaps and lives all over the globe would be a rill of new life if it were only freely introduced in the city. It hides under all the pavements, indeed, and in the walls of the houses, but let it gush into daylight. Let us have street-corner fountains, fountains in squares, fountains along the sidewalks, that the throats of the thirsty may be refreshed, and the eyes and hearts and minds of the whole population quickened. These little public drinking fountains always flowing, will be songs by the wayside, sermons in water, white violets will not spring up around them as in moist woods, but thoughts and feelings, white as flowers, will start in the pleased minds of the weary.

Let the fountains be wrought, too, in pretty forms. In Rome how many there are! A Triton pouring water upon his head out of shells—Neptune and the nymphs striding the rocks of little cataracts, and in the Medici villa, near Florence, Venus rising from the sea and wringing the water from her hair. Let the artists invent and the poets suggest. Put one fountain in front of the Hospital, where it shall seem to preach cleanliness as a preventive of disease, and where the water that sprang among trees in the country shall hear the rustle of the noble elms in the Hospital yard. Put one at the corner of Chambers Street that it may rival Delmonico's bar-room; and one before every hotel, that strangers may know the hospitality of the city.

Yes, by all means put forth the poetic side of the project for those lovers of woods and waters, those Corydons, philosophers, and poets, who make the municipal laws.

ABOUT WIVES.

"Xylonia" writes to the Lounger from a lake in Arkansas that wives are "property, very personal property, the most sacred property on earth." His letter is pleasantly written; having, however, for Mrs. Xylonia and all his relatives and friends of the other sex, what we should suppose to be rather a sub-acid flavor, as indicated in the extract above.

That people who entertain Xylonia's opinions do treat wives as property, every man with his eyes open has probably often enough perceived. But the utter absurdity of gravely urging that wives really are so will also hardly have escaped the observation of the same witnesses. You may go into many a house and see the woman whom the man of that house has sworn to love, honor, and cherish the victim of his ill-temper, his whims, his follies. You may see him treat her precisely as he treats any other article of property with which he happens to get angry, only he gets angry with "the most sacred property on earth" much oftener than with any other. He cuts his arm-chair, in a pet. He tears his newspaper, in a little rage. He curses a drawer that will not open in a bureau. He flings a book across the floor that he does not like. He lashes his horse fearfully when the horse does not please him. Why not? They are his property. Shall a man not do what he will with his own? And you may see the same man sulk, snap, sneer, swear, strike at his wife. Why not? For he practically believes, whatever his theory may be, that wives "are property, very personal property, the most sacred property on earth."

If Xylonia is property, then his wife is; not otherwise. If he may treat her as property, she may do the same with him. Sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander. Xylonia and all the Xylonians need not suppose that they are going to secure immunity for all their sins and whims and follies, as men and husbands, by rhetorically asserting the peculiar "sacredness" of their wives. To call a woman property, and to treat her as such, is a lovely method of illustrating her husband's conviction of her superior sanctity. If marriage be any thing but a mere legal contract—if it be in any sense what our Roman Catholic friends call, and every honorable man feels, a sacrament, then it is quite as sacred upon one side as upon the other. The husband who is false to that sacrament is precisely as culpable as the wife. Society does not agree that he is so; but what then? Why does it not?

Simply because the active and controlling opinion of society is that of men, and men have hitherto practiced the principle that wives are property, and that husbands are property-holders; that one husband who tampers with the property of another exposes himself to the perils of the trespasser against all other property—to the perils of the burglar or the incendiary. That is, he runs great risk of being shot.

And if the offender succeeds—whatever happens to him—how about the property? Why, the Xylonians hold, by inevitable logic, that property being subject to the owner, he is the judge of it, and when it is spoiled he may throw it into the street. No wonder that our friend Xylonia says, in his letter, that "the highest laws of natural religion," meaning revenge, are not always "in accordance with revealed religion." If revenge be an inspiration of natural religion, Xylonia is undoubtedly correct. But there are two very awkward dilemmas yawning before him; for if God be not divided against himself, his laws, whether natural or revealed, must be harmonious. And if there be two codes, a natural and a revealed, which, as a Christian man, does Xylonia propose to obey?

No, friendly Xylonia, you are as much property as your wife. For in the marriage relation you are perfectly equal, except in those details which men, consulting their own selfishness and not the honor of women, have arranged in their own favor. A well-ordered household has a mistress as well as a master, and a mistress who is not less than he.

A wife is not a higher kind of horse or arm-chair; and modern civilization is rapidly weeding the ludicrous idea that she is so out of public opinion and the laws.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

A Married Man, St. Paul, Minnesota. The subject of your note has been well considered by the Lounger. You may be very sure that *Harper's Weekly* will take no step without proper consideration. If you differ from its decision, you, of course, will abide by your own judgment. It is, however, always fair to presume that a large paper in a great city is not edited without very careful circumspection. Any hints are always welcome—but the hinter should not suppose that he is the first to bring the question to editorial notice. The violent style of the article you inclose deprives it of any claim to consideration as a candid criticism.

—S. P. J. asks the Lounger's opinion of "An Incident in a Trapper's Life," which he sends him. It is simply told, and has an air of reality, a striking illustration of the utter barbarity of border life, and the superiority of semi-civilized to wholly savage inhumanity. But is it not too purely horrible?

—Carrie wishes the Lounger to tell about his travels—especially in Egypt, as she says that his little mention of Dr. Abbott betrays that he has seen a pyramid. But Carrie should remember that the travels of "real travelers" are recorded and illustrated upon other pages of the *Weekly*, and that the Lounger, his wanderings over and his eyes drooping, only strolls quietly about and chats gently of matters in which we are all more or less interested. One of these days, perhaps, when he can lounge no longer, he will write a book of travels.

—C. Belfast. The Lounger will "destroy the poem and keep mum."

—Impudence, Buffalo, asks who the Lounger is. He is a being who lives in these columns, who has no existence out of them. Impudence might as well ask his neighbor Smith "who is Smith?" Smith is his own perpetual answer.

—One of our Readers, Boston, Massachusetts, will find in any good cyclopedia that Prester John was the name of a half fabulous personage who was reported by travelers in the Middle Ages to be a Christian Prince in the interior of Asia. Marco Polo, who traveled at the close of the thirteenth century, has given the most coherent account of Prester John (Family Library, No. 173) as Ouong, a Mongol monarch, who had been subject to Nestorian influences. He is mentioned by writers of the twelfth century, and all the earlier Eastern travelers speak of him. Matthew Paris has a great deal about him. Sir John Maundeville gives a detailed account of things that are in the "land of Prester John." The most copious treatise upon the subject is in the introduction by M. d'Avezac to his edition of Plan-de-Carpin's History of the Tartars, published in 1838, in the Transactions of the Geographical Society of Paris. If "one of our readers" is really interested in the question, he should refer to that.

—J. J. H., Cincinnati. "The old Oaken Bucket" was written by Samuel Woodworth, who was born in Scituate, Massachusetts, a farmer's son, and died in New York in 1842. He was a *litterateur*, and after the war of 1812 wrote some popular songs upon the victories. In 1823 he began the New York *Mirror* with Mr. Morris; but his literary enterprises were not often successful. The Lounger remembers him as he used to appear in Broadway a short time before his death. He had been touched with paralysis, and stooped very much, walking with very quick short steps. His eye was lustreless, and his dress indicated poverty. A complimentary benefit at the old National Theatre in Leonard Street, at which Burton made his bow in New York, procured him "a substantial result," Duyckinck tells us.

—A Bachelor in Natchez wishes to know if it be a prerogative of the sex to treat men with as much politeness or rudeness "as feminine caprice may lead them." If a Bachelor speaks of *ladies*, there is, of course, but one answer to his question, and that the shortest possible No. It is true enough that there are plenty of the sex who do as a Bachelor has evidently been done by. But ladies can not be held responsible for the acts of those who only seem to be such. A Bachelor further asks if "such a claim exists, what are its foundation and merits?" Alas, dear Sir, some women have discovered not only that they can fool men, but that men will be fooled gladly.

—G. Ammon complains that there is too much fighting in novels, and has been "often shocked by seeing the yellow-colored literature which adorns our dead walls, announcing a sparring exhibition," etc. The practical difficulty seems to be that when a novelist's characters get into situations where they would naturally fight it is difficult for him to keep the peace among them. They "go in" incontinently. Does G. Ammon, who is clearly a person of taste, respectability, and judgment, mean to hold the novelist responsible for his characters being in such a situation? But characters develop themselves. The author is only a clerk.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday, June* 4, 1859.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite dull and heavy for nearly all kinds of Breadstuffs during the week. The demand has been mainly for home use, and only for lots immediately required by purchasers. Receivers have been free sellers; prices have been irregular, and at the close generally tended downward....Provisions have been unsettled. Hog Products have been freely offered and purchased at reduced rates. Beef has been less active, and closes lower. Butter and Cheese have been quiet....Coffee, Teas, and Molasses have been less sought after, while Sugars and Rice have been in good demand. Coffee and Sugars are cheaper....Cotton has been very moderately inquired for at easier prices....Hay has been more active but less valuable....Hides have attracted less attention....Hemp, Hops, and Seeds have been quiet....Sole Leather has been in good request at buoyant prices....Common Rosin and Spirits-Turpentine, with crude Whale and Linseed Oils, have been more sought after.....Tobacco has been very sparingly purchased....Wool has been in moderate demand at reduced quotations .... The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Standard Super State Flour, per barrel	$6 50	@	$6 70
Extra State Flour	6 90	@	7 20
Superfine Western	5 45	@	6 70
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	7 20	@	8 50
Extra Missouri,	7 80	@	10 00
Superfine Southern	7 45	@	7 75
Extra Southern	8 00	@	9 50
Superfine Rye Flour	4 00	@	4 20
Jersey Corn Meal	4 15	@	4 20
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 75	@	1 95
White Southern Wheat	1 75	@	2 00
Red Western Wheat	1 60	@	1 84
Milwaukee Club	1 10	@	1 35
Chicago Spring	1 05	@	1 15
New Yellow Corn	89	@	92
Rye	97	@	1 00
Barley	65	@	75
Western Oats	55	@	57
State Oats	52	@	54
Jersey and Pennsylvania Oats	50	@	52
Southern Oats	47	@	51
Cotton, middlings, per pound	10¾	@	11
New Mess Pork, per barrel	—	@	16 75
Prime Pork	—	@	15 00
Country Mess Beef	8 25	@	9 50
Hams, per pound	8¼	@	9
Shoulders	7	@	7½
Lard	11½	@	12
Fair to Prime State Butter, new	16	@	20
Ohio Butter, new	15	@	18
Cheese, new	4	@	9½
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 75	@	5 25

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were well supplied with Beeves, which were cheaper. The demand was fair....The receipts of fresh Milch Cows were a little less than the previous week, but the supply was in excess of the demand, and some of the stables were full of unsold Cows....Veal Calves were nearly as abundant as for some time past. The demand was fair, but, except at lower rates, no larger stock could be sold....Sheep and Lambs were offered more freely, but the demand was good and prices were firmer....Swine were arriving quite freely, but were in fair request.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Ordinary to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 9	@	$ 12½
Fair to good Milch Cows, per head	35 00	@	55 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3½	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 75	@	6 50
" " per pound	5	@	7½
Live Swine	6½	@	7½
Dressed "	8½	@	8¾
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	1 50

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Strawberries, per quart box	$ 12	@	$ 31
Strawberries, per basket	2	@	5
Cherries, per pound	6	@	15
Gooseberries, per quart	3	@	6
Apples, per barrel	2 50	@	5 00
Dried Apples, per pound	8	@	9
Dried Peaches, peeled	11	@	15
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	7	@	8
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 00	@	2 50
Potatoes, new, Southern	2 75	@	3 25
Potatoes, sweet	4 00	@	4 50
Onions	3 00	@	4 00
Onions, new, per dozen bunches	18	@	25
Turnips	1 00	@	—
Parsnips	1 00	@	1 25
Beets	1 00	@	—
Carrots	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 75	@	6 50
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Green Beans, per bushel	1 75	@	2 25
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	12½	@	14
Chickens, per pound	9	@	13
Chickens, Bucks Co.	13	@	15
Geese, Spring, each	1 25	@	1 75
Turkeys	10	@	14
Ducks	14	@	18
" black, per pair	62	@	75
Pigeons, per dozen	2 00	@	2 25
Wild Pigeons	1 50	@	2 00
Snipe, per dozen	37	@	2 50

YE MAY SESSION OF YE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION—YE ORATOR OF YE DAY DENOUNCING YE LORDS OF CREATION.

HAS HE EVER SAID SO?

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE'S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET IN LIFE.

SINCE Hope Wayne had received Abel Newt's note she lived as human beings do live when for the first time they are conscious that they love, and believe that they are loved.

She read her books, and the page burned with a glow it had never known before. She was no longer haughty with Mrs. Simcoe, whatever happened; but she was so meek, so docile, so gentle, so patient, that the girl who was always dear and lovely was dearer and lovelier than ever.

Grandpa Burt was conscious of some change which he could not explain; but he was prouder and happier in his grandchild, and remembering constantly that she was now eighteen, began to consider his vast plans for the future. It was his fixed resolution that she should be protected from the wicked world of youth that is always going up and down in the earth seeking whom it may marry. If incessant care and invention and management could secure it, she should arrive safely where Grandpa Burt was determined she should arrive ultimately, at the head of her husband's dinner-table, Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am.

What on earth is a girl sent into this world for but to make a proper match, and not disgrace her husband—to keep his house, either directly or by a deputy—to take care of his children, to see that his slippers are warm and his Madeira cold, and his beef not burned to a cinder, Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am? Christopher Burt believed that a man's wife was a more sacred piece of private property than his sheep-pasture, and when he delivered the deed of any such property he meant that it should be in perfect order.

Hope may marry a foreign minister, Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am. Who knows? She may marry a large merchant in town or a large planter at the South, who will be obliged to entertain a great deal and from all parts of the world. I intend that she shall be fit for the situation, that she shall preside at her husband's table in a superior manner.

So Hope, as a child, had played with little girls, who were invited to Pinewood—select little girls, who came in the prettiest frocks and behaved in the prettiest way, superintended by nurses and ladies' maids. They tended their dolls peaceably in the nursery. They played clean little games upon the lawn. Not too noisy, Ellen! Mary, gently, gently, dear! Julia, carefully! you are tumbling your frock. They were not chattery French nurses who presided over these solemnities. They were grave, housekeeping, Mrs. Simcoe-kind of people. Julia and Mary were trained to behave themselves like little ladies, and the frolic ended by their all taking books from the library shelves and sitting each properly in a large chair, or on the sofa, or even upon the piazza, if it had been nicely dusted and inspected, until the setting sun sent them away with the calmest kisses at parting.

Suddenly, in a day, out of this proper, pretty, demure, wearisome, intolerable life, Hope had emerged into the very thickest of the toughest battle that human beings have to fight. And the warrior, instead of being haughtier, and colder, and more unyielding, was the softest and sweetest of creatures.

Grandpa Burt did not understand, but he was delighted. In spirit he perpetually rubbed his hands, and chirped and crowed. He was like a man whose wax having refused to melt, has petulantly laid aside his seal, but now with joy and thanksgiving beholds the melting mass, and begins to wet his seal to secure the perfect stamp—or brand—that he intends.

Mrs. Simcoe's inscrutable face did not vary. She watched Hope without losing her from mind a moment, but it was as she watched the west from her window. The young girl came to her old friend tenderly, and put her arms around her neck, and in a thousand endearing ways caressed her. Yes, and so she would have caressed any body, as Mrs. Simcoe knew. It was her love, her new life, her new dawn, that she was celebrating and worshiping with all that fondness. Dear child, said Mrs. Simcoe in her heart, you do not deceive me, you only delude yourself. Hope thought she loved Mrs. Simcoe more than ever before. But the older woman knew that if the dream were disturbed Hope would find that the sense of isolation she had felt when her love was first mentioned to her would be as deep as ever.

Yet with all the sweetness of the consciousness of love Hope chafed at the uncertainty of seeing her lover again. But she consoled herself by thinking that it would be so easy to write him. So she drew her table to the window which she had unwittingly betrayed to him was hers, she took the prettiest sheet of paper on the sunniest morning, when the landscape was so beautiful and the whole scene so peaceful—her eyes filled with tears with the eagerness with which she ran and closed the door of the room and locked it. As she seated herself to begin, her cheeks burned—her very soul seemed blushing. She took the pen, she dipped it in the ink; ah me! she could as easily have pulled up by the roots the pine-tree that shaded her window as have begun that letter. Yet did she not know she loved him with all her heart? Was she not sure he loved her?

She paused—hanging over the table, the feather of the quill at her lips—as these questions half consciously asked themselves in her mind. Oh! the little asp of suspicion that stung those questions to the heart. *Has he ever said so?*

She lifted the lid of her writing-desk and touched a spring at the back. Out flew a little drawer in which lay a note. It was worn with much holding, and a slight foreign perfume from the desk pervaded it. Once more, and word by word, she read the note which she knew by heart, to find if she could see what she knew was not there. Only a lover could have written it—yet it did not say, "I love." Once more she pressed it like a precious portrait, and kissed it as devotees kiss relics. Then she laid it in the little drawer—the spring snapped—and the perfumed note was as securely hidden in the desk as the rich secret in her heart.

In the great uncertainty she grew restless. To wait until next winter was impossible. She should die, if she must wait.

Die, she thought, and be laid by mother in the quiet little country church-yard—and the trees would rustle over us, and the flowers bloom and fade, the red leaves fall, and the snow cover us. And some day when he comes to see his old haunts again—famous and a little tired with success—his beauty more mature, his face a little older—he will stand there in the long grass—how plainly Hope saw him!—brushing it aside to read the names to see if he recognizes any. He will come to one—he will pause. But he is not alone; he says to a lady who is with him—oh, so beautiful, so noble, so worthy of him!—and in that low voice, that gush of music, "Why, what did I know about that name in the days long, long ago? How strange I can not remember!"—and Hope choked and gasped as she tortured herself in the still summer days.

In the midst of all this mental commotion Mrs. Dinks and Mrs. Beacon came rolling out from town to perform a call at Pinewood. Mrs. Beacon—she was a Statehouse—was surprised and charmed by her friend's niece. Really an immense acquisition to society. We shall be lighted up. It will be positively refreshing not to see the same eternal old flies buzzing and booming about people's houses. What! going to New York with you? Ah, now that is really cruel. I don't know what Boston will say, Miss Wayne.

Hope had not the air of profoundly caring, but she did her part of the ceremony with composure—until her aunt said:

"Well, Hope, I am going to take New York on my way to the Springs next week."

Then Miss Hope started and colored.

"Oh, dear aunt, how I should like—"

It was too late, again. And who knows? possibly Hope was not sorry for her really involuntary betrayal of her desire.

"Would you like to go, too?"

"Dearest aunt, how good you are!"

Mrs. Beacon smiled.

"My dear Miss Wayne, I think you would easily find plenty of ladies who would be glad to chaperon you at the Springs. I am sure if Mrs. Dinks can not do so, I shall be very happy."

And she bowed with that persuasive suavity for which the Statehouses are distinguished to this day.

But Mrs. Dinks had no thought of declining the pleasure. It is impossible to say what passes between mothers and marriageable sons upon certain subjects, and how should we know that Alfred Dinks had ever thought of marrying his cousin, or that his mother had reflected upon the extreme convenience of such a connection? In the minds of the best regulated mothers such thoughts do undoubtedly sometimes occur, both in regard to daughters and sons. Marriage, we are told, is at once natural and proper for mankind, and surely the maternal parent is not to be blamed if she looks a little to the lining of the nest in which her daughter may presently be sitting.

When Mrs. Dinks left Pinewood it had been agreed that Hope was to accompany her; and when she had bowed her visitors from the door, the young girl ran to Mrs. Simcoe, radiant as the day itself.

"Aunty, I'm going to New York next week with Aunt Dinks."

She put her arm around her aunty as she spoke, and kissed her. The eyes of the older woman rested upon her for a few moments. The expression of her face did not change, but those eyes gradually filled with tears.

"God's grace go with you, my child."

"Why, aunty, is it so dreadfully wicked there?"

"It is our hearts that are desperately wicked, Hope."

"Come, come, aunty, this is too dismal! See how the sun shines! Won't you shine a little? Can I get ready in time?"

Foolish Hope! Of course every thing is possible when people are resolved to make a journey, whether they are ready for it or not. When the heart is all ready—when the mind is packed up—trunks and band-boxes may as well fall into order directly.

Mrs. Simcoe knew this very well. She knew that Hope was going, and that she was going to see Abel Newt.

So, as the girl ran out to begin to get ready, Mrs. Simcoe looked only more silently and fixedly, as if she were rummaging the very waste dust and refuse of her memory or invention to find some amulet which might be useful in this unexpected movement. How could she trust her dear child in that Babel? And yet how could she save her?

At length she seemed to bring something into sight. She rose quietly, and opening the drawer in her table, took out a sheet of foolscap paper—it was many years since Mrs. Simcoe had written a letter—and with great effort she composed the note which Lawrence Newt received on the day that Gabriel Bennet became his clerk.

CHAPTER XXX.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

LAWRENCE NEWT had called at Bunker's, and found Mrs. Dinks and Miss Hope Wayne. They were sitting at the window upon Broadway watching the promenaders along that famous thoroughfare—for thirty years ago the fashionable walk was between the Park and the Battery, and Bunker's was close to Morris Street, a little above the Bowling Green.

When Mr. Newt was announced Hope Wayne felt as if she were suffocating. Her aunt supposed it to be the husband of her friend, Mrs. Nancy Newt, whom she had seen upon a previous visit this same summer, of which we have had some intimation in her letter to Abel. They both looked up and saw a gentleman they had never seen before. The face of Lawrence Newt had that calm, smiling sweetness, to see which is like feeling the south wind. It was kindly and reserved. It was the face of one of those ten men for which every city ought to be so grateful. He bowed pleasantly, and said,

"Ladies, my name is Lawrence Newt."

There was a touch of quaintness in his manner, as in his dress.

"You will find the city quite deserted," said he. "But I have called with an invitation from my sister, Mrs. Boniface Newt, for this evening to a small party. She incloses her card, and begs you to waive the formality of a call."

That was the way that Lawrence Newt and Hope Wayne came to be sitting on the cane sofa under the great orange-tree in Boniface Newt's conservatory.

They had entered the room, and made their bows to Mrs. Nancy; and Mr. Lawrence, wishing to talk to Miss Hope, had led her by another way to the conservatory, and so Mr. Abel had failed to see them.

As they sat under the tree Lawrence Newt conversed with Hope in a tone of earnest and respectful tenderness that touched her heart. She could not understand the winning kindliness of his manner, nor could she resist it. He spoke of her home with an accuracy of detail that surprised her.

"It was not the same house in my day, and you, perhaps, hardly remember much of the old one. The house is changed, but nothing else; no, nothing else," he added, musingly, and with the same dreamy expression in his eyes that was in them when he leaned against his office window and watched the ships—while his mind sailed swifter and farther than they.

"They can not touch the waving outline of the hills that you see from the lawn, nor the pine-trees that shade the windows. Does the little brook still flow in the meadow below? And do you understand the pine-trees? Do they tell any tales?"

He asked it with a half-mournful gayety. He asked as if he both longed and feared that she should say, "Yes, they have told me: I know all."

The murmurs of the singing came floating out to them as they sat. Hope was happy and trustful. She was in the house of Abel—she should see him—she should hear him! And this dear gentleman—not exactly like a father nor an uncle—well, yes, perhaps a young uncle—he is brother of Abel's mother, and he mysteriously knows so much about Pinewood, and his smiling voice has a tear in it as he speaks of old days. I love him already—I trust him entirely—I have found a friend.

"Shall we go in again?" said Lawrence Newt. But they saw forms approaching, and sat still.

While they were yet silent, and Hope's heart was like the dawning summer heaven, she heard those words that Abel Newt spoke to Grace Plumer, and watched him, speechlessly, as he and his companion glided by her into the darkness.

"Yes, let us go in!" said Hope Wayne to Lawrence Newt as she rose calmly.

Abel had passed. He could no more have stopped and shaken hands with Hope Wayne than he could have sung like a nightingale. He could not even raise his head erect as he went by. Something very stern and very strong seemed to hold it down. The whole system of his life appeared to him in the flash of that moment to be tottering and shaking.

Miss Plumer's head was also bent; she was waiting to hear the end of that sentence. She thought society opened beautifully. Such a handsome fellow in such a romantic spot, and O dear Lavinia (she was rehearsing the letter she should write to her bosom's confidant, her dearest, sweetest friend), in such a low, rich voice he began, with his hair almost brushing mine. But he did not finish. Abel Newt was perfectly silent. He glided away with Grace Plumer into grateful gloom, and her ears, exquisitely apprehensive, caught from his lips only a smothered muttered word that began with d.

Abel Newt thought himself really in love with Hope Wayne. He wanted ease and comfort, and knew that they came by wealth, and he knew that wealth came by Hope Wayne. It was not an extraordinary case, but it sometimes leads to extraordinary results.

FRIENDS.

Lawrence Newt rose as Hope requested, and they moved away. She found her aunt, and stood by her side. The young men were brought up and presented, and submitted their observations upon the weather, asked her how she liked New York—were delighted to hear that she would pass the next winter in the city—would show her then that New York had some claim to attention even from a Bostonian—were charmed, really, with Mr. Bowdoin Beacon and—and—Mr. Alfred Dinks: at mention of which name they looked in her face in the most gentlemanly manner to see the red result, as if the remark had been a blister, but saw only an unconscious abstraction in her own thoughts, mingled with an air of attention to what they were saying. In truth what is said upon such occasions can often be heard without the full force of mental attention.

"Miss Hope," said Lawrence Newt, who approached her with a young woman by his side, "I want you to know my friend Amy Waring."

The two girls looked at each other and bowed. Then they shook hands with a curious cordiality.

Amy Waring was like a spring day. In her genial, generous presence every little bud of feeling, every little leaf of thought or sympathy was tempted out—was allured to blow into its fullest proportions. She had soft dark eyes—not round and hard and black—not ebony eyes, but mild, sympathetic eyes, in which you expect to see images as lovely as the Eastern traveler sees when he remembers home and looks in the drop held in the palm of the hand of the magician's boy. They had the fresh, unworn, moist light that flowers have early in June mornings, when they are full of sun and dew. And there was the same transparent, deep, pure darkness in her complexion. It was not swarthy, nor black, nor gloomy. It did not look half Indian, nor even olive. It was an illuminated shadow. Have you seen the shade of Sorrento orange gardens?

The two girls—they were women, rather—went together to a sofa and sat down. Hope Wayne had thought she should never speak again except from her lips outward. She felt as if the stone of the tomb had been suddenly rolled over the most secret, solemn treasure of her life. But as she seated herself by Amy Waring's side, still holding her hand, she felt herself drawn very near to the heart of a human being, much nearer than she had ever been before.

Her impulse was to lay her head upon her new friend's shoulder and cry. For Hope was prostrated by the unexpected vision of Abel, as a strong man is unnerved by sudden physical pain. She felt the overwhelming grief of a child, and longed to give way to it utterly.

"I am glad to know you, Miss Wayne!" said Amy Waring, in a cordial, cheerful voice, with a pleasant smile.

Hope bowed, and thanked her.

"I find that Mr. Newt's friends always prove to be mine," continued Amy.

"I am glad of it; but I don't know why I am his friend," said Hope. "I never saw him until to-day. He must have lived in Delafield. Do you know how that is?"

She found conversation a great relief, and longed to give way to a kind of proud, indignant volubility.

"No; but he seems to have lived every where, to have seen every thing, and to have known every body. A very useful acquaintance, I assure you!" said Amy, smiling.

"Is he married?" asked Hope.

There was the least little blush upon Amy's cheek as she heard this question; but so slight, that if any body had thought he observed it, he would have looked again and said, No, I was mistaken. Perhaps, too, there was the least little fluttering of a heart otherwise unconscious. But words are like breezes that blow hither and thither, and the leaves upon the most secluded trees in the very inmost covert of the wood may sometimes feel a breath, and stir, with rustling music, before they are aware.

Amy Waring replied, pleasantly, that he was not married. Hope Wayne said, "What a pity!" Amy smiled, and asked,

"Why a pity?"

"Because such a man would be so happy if he were married, and would make others so happy! He has been in love, you may be sure."

"Yes," replied Amy; "I have no doubt of that. We don't see men of forty, or so, who have not been touched—"

"By what?" asked Lawrence Newt, who had come up silently, and now stood beside her.

"Yes, by what?" interposed Miss Fanny, who had been very busy during the whole evening, trying to get into her hands the various threads of various interests that she saw flying and streaming all around her—who had not seen Mr. Alfred Dinks devoted to Miss Wayne, and was therefore confirmed in her belief that they were engaged—who had seen Abel flirting with Grace Plumer, and therefore concluded he cared nothing about her—who had done the best she could with Alfred Dinks, but was extremely dissatisfied with her best; and who, seeing Hope and Amy together, had been hovering about them for a long time, anxious to overhear or to join in.

"Really," said Amy, looking up with a smile, "I was making a very innocent remark."

"Perfectly innocent, I'm sure!" replied Fanny, in her sweetest manner. It was such a different sweetness from Amy Waring's that Hope turned and looked very curiously at Miss Fanny.

"There are few men of forty who have not been in love," said Amy, calmly. "That is what I was saying."

As there was only one man of forty, or near that age, in the little group, the appeal was evidently to him. Lawrence Newt looked at the three girls, with the swimming light in his eyes, half crushing them and smiling, so that every one of them felt, each in her own way, that they were as completely blinded by that smile as by a glare of sunlight—which, like that smile, is yet warm and not treacherous.

They could not see beyond the words, nor hope to.

"Miss Amy is right, as usual," said he.

"Why, Uncle Lawrence, tell us all about it!" said Fanny, with a hard, black smile in her eyes.

Uncle Lawrence was not in the slightest degree abashed.

"Fanny," said he, "I will speak to you in a parable. Remember, to *you*. There was a farmer whose neighbor built a curious tower upon his land. It was upon a hill, in a grove. The structure rose slowly, and public curiosity rose with fearful rapidity. The gossips gossiped about it in the public houses. Rumors of it stole up to the city, and down came reporters and special correspondents to describe it with an unctuous eloquence and picturesque splendor of style known only to them. The builder held his tongue, dear Fanny. The workmen speculated upon the subject, but their speculations were no more valuable than those of other people. They received private bribes to tell; and all the great newspapers announced that, at an enormous expense, they had secured the exclusive intelligence, and the exclusive intelligence was always wrong. The country was in commotion, dear Fanny, about a simple tower that a man was building upon his land. But the wonder of wonders, and the exasperation of exasperations, was, that the farmer whose estate adjoined never so much as spoke of the tower—was never known to have asked about it—and, indeed, it was not clear that he knew of the building of any tower within a hundred miles of him. Of course, my dearest Fanny, a self-respecting Public Sentiment could not stand that. It was insulting to the public, which manifested so profound an interest in the tower, that the immediate neighbor should preserve so strict a silence, and such a perfectly tranquil mind. There are but two theories possible in regard to that man, said the self-respecting Public Sentiment: he is either a fool or a knave—probably a little of each. In any case he must be dealt with. So Public Sentiment accosted the farmer, and asked him if he was not aware that a mysterious tower was going up close to him, and that the public curiosity was sadly exercised about it? He replied that he was blessed with tolerable eyesight, and had seen the tower from the very first stone upward. Tell us, then, all about it! shrieked Public Sentiment. Ask the builder, if you want to know, said the farmer. But he won't tell us, and we want you to tell us, because we know that you have asked him, and know all about it. Now what, in the name of pity!—what is that tower for? I have never asked, replies the farmer. Never asked! yelled Public Sentiment. Never, retorted Rusticus. And why, in the name of Heaven, have you never asked? cried the crowd. Because, said the farmer—"

Lawrence Newt looked at his auditors. "Are you listening, dear Fanny?"

"Yes, Uncle Lawrence."

"—because it's none of my business."

Lawrence Newt smiled; so did all the rest, including Fanny, who remarked that he might have told her in fewer words that she was impertinent.

"Yes, Fanny; but sometimes words help us to remember things. It is a great point gained when we have learned to hoe our own potatoes in our own fields, and not vex our souls about our neighbor's towers."

Hope Wayne was not in the least abstracted. She was nervously alive to every thing that was said and done; and listened with a smile to Lawrence Newt's parable, liking him more and more as the various aspects of his character unrolled themselves before her.

The general restless distraction that precedes the breaking up of a party had now begun. People were moving and rustling and breaking off the ends of conversation. They began to go, A few said good-evening, and had had such a charming time! The rest gradually followed, until there was a universal departure. Grace Plumer was leaning upon Sligo Moultrie's arm. But where was Abel?

Hope Wayne's eyes looked every where. She could not help it. But her only glimpse of him during the evening had been that glimmering, dreadful moment in the conservatory.

There he had remained ever since. There he still stood gazing through the door into the drawing-room, seeing but not seen, and thinking a wild whirl of thoughts. Somehow or other our thoughts and instincts rehearse all our actions. We may try to alter the course of events that we foresee, but we shall probably be baffled.

"What a fool I am!" thought Abel, bitterly. "Merely to mislead Fanny, I have done something that will cost me the whole future I had planned. Hope Wayne believes that I was making love to Grace Plumer. I know that I looked so, for I did it purposely. Caught in my own trap, hey? I—am—afraid—I—have—lost—Hope Wayne—before—I—had—won—her."

This last reflection seemed to percolate drop by drop, as it were, through his mind.

Now it is not a very terrible thing for a young man to whisper kindly in a young woman's ear as they saunter in the luminous dimness of a conservatory on a summer night. No, and it is not very dreadful even if that young man should have given occasion to another young woman, et cetera, provided always and every where and every how that it is all honor bright at bottom—that he is only whispering kindly, mark you! and not making love (as we call it, as if love were not made for us!). And even if the other young woman aforesaid be present, and overhear and oversee words and acts that are not meant to be serious in themselves, but only blinds and misguidings to other people, it may be very foolish, it may be very vexatious, it may require some very elaborate explanation, it may even cost some hours of exceeding doubt and despondency, yes, and let us willingly concede several sleepless nights and haggard days, before a due reconciliation and mutual understanding; but it is still a very venial offense—an enormity susceptible of satisfactory explanation, and something which ought to do no more than gently ripple the course of true love, not dam it suddenly and send it weltering and wasting over the fair fields of life.

Abel may, therefore, have been in unnecessary doubt and gloom. He would need only a fit opportunity to present every thing clearly to Hope's mind. She was full of sense—she would see at once. This renunciation was surely entirely uncalled for.

—*Provided* always and every where and every how that it is all honor bright at bottom. And who knows that, who can know that, but the offender himself?

Suppose that Hope Wayne had not been the heiress-apparent of Grandfather Burt—had been a minus instead of a plus quantity—would Abel probably have remained in the dim conservatory, doubting and d'ing? Could he not, under those circumstances, have easily raised his head and bowed to Miss Wayne while Miss Plumer hung upon his arm?

Allons! Shall nineteen despair? Suppose the gates of Paradise clang behind! Are there no fresh fields, no pastures new? *Aux armes!*

LITERARY.

THE BERTRAMS, by the author of "Dr. Thorne," is the latest novel, published by Harper & Brothers. Like "Dr. Thorne," it is strong in character. The people are straight-forward, frank, outspoken people, the character of every man and woman natural and admirably outlined. The peculiarity of the novel is the plan of making no concealments beforehand of the plot. It is open and manifest, and one becomes absorbed in it as it progresses with that strange anxiety to follow out a history which he foresees, and yet is deeply interested in. The author takes the opportunity to introduce a little Oriental travel, which is by no means the least interesting part of the book. We have nowhere found better sketches of modern Jerusalem; and one who desires to understand the life of travelers in the Holy City will fail to find elsewhere any more faithful description. The hero makes love at a picnic in the valley of Jehoshaphat! He walks by the side of a lady down the valley of the Sons of Hinnom! She gets her feet wet in the pool of Siloam, sends up the hire to Jerusalem for dry stockings, and changes them in the cave of the Apostle James! All this seems strange, but it is excellently well done, and the Eastern traveler will not fail to enjoy the familiarity of the author with all the scenes in and around the Holy City.

The love of the story is a plain, sad story of love in this miserable world, ending quietly, pleasantly enough at the last, with dismal memories to make the present enjoyment all the greater. The book is curious, eccentric, and very readable and enjoyable.

The readers of Mr. Prime's TENT LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND will remember Moreright, one of the author's traveling companions. We suppose it is no longer a secret that this was a harmless change of the name of Mr. Righter of New Jersey, whose death at Diarbekir on the Tigris is mentioned on the last page of that volume. THE BIBLE IN THE LEVANT is a sketch of the brief but useful and interesting life of this gentleman, Rev. Chester N. Righter, prepared by Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D., and published by Sheldon & Co. It is a short but deeply attractive biography. It does not so much record what the man was in himself, as what he showed himself to be by his life. In the few years that he lived to work he devoted himself to searching through the East for openings into which he might introduce the Bible among the Mohammedans, and his work was well done. The volume is not large, but it contains very much; and we commend it to the careful reading of all who would know how to live for two worlds at one time.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT TRENTON, by Rev. Dr. Hall, published by Randolph, is a history of Presbyterianism in America. It is a fine monogram, valuable and eminently useful. It involves the history of the College of New Jersey, the labors of Cowell, Burr, Davies, Finley, in early times, and of Alexander and Yeomans in later days. It is written *con amore*. Dr. Hall is deeply interested in his subject, and makes it eloquent. Dr. James W. Alexander contributes a letter sketching the history of his own pastorate in his own classical and polished style.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT SUSTAINS GOVERNOR CUMMING.

THE law officer of the General Government, by direction of the President, has just rendered an important opinion upon the recent conflict of authority which has arisen between the Federal, Executive, judicial, and military officers stationed in Utah Territory. From this document it appears that the course of Governor Cumming is sustained. This opinion is also important in another respect, as it defines the principles that should govern Governors of Territories and military commandants in the exercise of the powers delegated to them.

DISORDERS IN ARIZONA.

Arizona letters state that much excitement has been occasioned in that Territory by the lawless acts of organized bands of ruffians, who commit outrages upon life and property. Five Mexicans had been murdered in cold blood by a gang of desperadoes, under the lead of two men named Page and Ake. A meeting of citizens had been called to adopt preliminary measures for the formation of a Vigilance Committee. The want of an organized judiciary was severely felt, criminals escaping punishment through the inability of the people to bring them to trial.

FIGHT WITH CAMANCHES.

The California overland mail of the 6th ult., which arrived at St. Louis on Saturday, brings intelligence of a desperate battle between a party of United States troops, under Major Van Horn, and a body of Camanche Indians, on the 16th ult., on the fork of the Arkansas river. Forty Indians were killed and thirty-six captured. Two soldiers were killed and several wounded. Among the latter were Captain Smith and Lieutenant Lee.

MR. REED DEFENDING HIMSELF.

Hon. William B. Reed, late United States Commissioner to China, delivered an address to his fellow-citizens of Philadelphia, in the chamber of the Board of Trade of that city, last week. Mr. Reed's address embraced an interesting history of his negotiations with the authorities of China, and the account of his mission generally, and thoroughly refuted the slanders of the London *Times*.

MORPHY AND A LADY-PLAYER.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Mercury*, in a notice of Morphy, the great chess-player, says a queer incident occurred to him soon after his arrival in New York. A carriage drove to the St. Nicholas, in which was seated a splendidly-dressed lady. She sent up a card and requested an interview with the chess champion. The interview was granted, when the fair visitor demanded the privilege of playing a game with Mr. Morphy. Mr. M. looked at the magnificent eyes of the stranger, and said, "Yes, certainly." The chess-table was brought to the window, and Mr. Morphy placed the men. The lady, of course, was permitted the first move. Half a dozen moves were made on either side, and Morphy found himself interested—his visitor promised to prove the most formidable antagonist he had had for a long time. Being absorbed in the game, Morphy directed the servant to admit no one else until it was completed. The game lasted two hours and was *drawn*. The lady was then satisfied, and blushingly took her leave, Morphy himself accompanying her to her carriage. The moment she had gone, Morphy and his friends set at work to ascertain the identity of the beautiful visitor, not doubting that the name upon her card could be found in the Directory. This, however, proved to be a mistake, and though every endeavor was made to ascertain precisely who was the visitor, the gentlemen are as much in the dark as ever. Whoever she may be, she played the best game in which Morphy was ever a contestant, and she probably adopted these means of matching herself with Morphy in order to assure herself of her own skill.

AN UNLUCKY PICKPOCKET.

We read in the *Evening Post*: "A few days since, a lady on a shopping excursion entered a Broadway stage and occupied the only seat, of 'six on a side,' that remained vacant. Seated beside her was a person who, from his courteous demeanor, his fashionable dress, and his costly jewelry, she judged to be a 'man of means'—whether his own or his neighbor's did not then occur to her—and apparently not an objectionable *compagnon du voyage* for a stage 'all full inside.' A splendid diamond ring attracted her particular observation.

"Arrived at her destination—a jewelry store—she leisurely selected a few articles for purchase, but upon offering to pay the bill, made the unpleasant discovery that her purse was missing. She immediately informed the shop-keeper of her loss, and described the incidents of her morning's journey. She was informed that her neighbor of the 'consolidated line' was undoubtedly a *chevalier d'industrie*, that his brilliants were probably *bogus*, but that the transfer of funds from *her* pocket to *his* was *real* and successful. She reluctantly adopted the conclusion, but anxiously commenced another search, which it was supposed would extinguish all hope of a mistake in the matter.

"This resulted in bringing to light, from an unexplored corner of her pocket, the identical ring which had a short time before glittered upon the hand of her light-fingered friend, and which had slipped off while he was committing the delicate operation of picking her pocket.

"Her admiration of the trinket was not in the least abated when, upon examination, it was pronounced to be worth $500."

HEAVY DAMAGES IN A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

A telegram from St. Louis, published last week, announced the rendition of a verdict of $100,000 against one Henry Shaw, of that city, at the suit of Miss Effie Carztang, in an action of breach of promise of marriage. The St. Louis papers publish voluminous reports of the evidence. It appears that the defendant, Henry Shaw, is sixty years of age, and very wealthy. The plaintiff is a spinster of thirty years, who, aided by her two sisters, one of them a widow, kept a boarding-house. Mr. Shaw seems to have paid particular attention to plaintiff, whose name is "Effie," brought her flowers, brought his carriage to her door, had her out to ride with him, and in different ways made himself and the lady the town-talk. Plaintiff charges that he solemnly promised to marry her, yet went off and left her. To revenge herself for this slight she sued Mr. Shaw for breach of promise, laying her damages at the moderate amount of $100,000. According to the telegraphic dispatch the gallant Western jury has rendered a verdict for the full amount claimed. Of course an appeal will be taken.

MURDER AT ST. LOUIS.

Joseph Charles, a prominent citizen of St. Louis, was mortally wounded in the street on Friday morning. He had been the principal witness against G. W. Thornton, formerly a teller in a savings bank from which he was accused of having stolen $20,000. Thornton was acquitted on his trial a year ago, but practically confessed his guilt yesterday by shooting his accuser in cold blood. The citizens of St. Louis are in a state of great excitement, and it is feared that they will lynch the murderer when his victim, who was at last accounts still alive, shall expire.

REGATTA OF THE YACHT CLUB.

The annual regatta of the New-York Yacht Club came off last week, and was as interesting as could be expected. The *Madgie* took the first-class schooner prize, the *Dawn* the second-class schooner prize, the *Deer* the first-class sloop prize, the *Haswell* the second-class sloop prize, and the *Flying Cloud* the third-class sloop prize.

A DESERTED HUSBAND.

The Napoleon (Arkansas) *Planter* publishes the following card from a deserted husband:

"Whereas, matilda pinkham, my whife, has left my bed and bord, and who so ever will bring her back shall be sutybel rewarded, let it be more or less. She has chesnut cullered hare, lite blue ies, lite skin, shuse of a small size, find her du or her muther will be distracted, age 28, richard pinkham, of madbury. If you can find out anything about her, send a lettur to dareau postoress of new hampshire, she went away the 9 of nowember 1842, before she was married her name was matilda hill the darter of ezra hill and hanner hill of alton."

FEARFUL JEALOUSY.

A singular affair is said to have occurred in Pensacola a few days ago. Miss Susan ——, daughter of one of the most distinguished jurists and politicians of Florida, entertained a most violent passion for Mr. G., Mayor of Pensacola, who had paid her some attentions previous to his marriage with another lady. She took no great pains to conceal from Mr. G. the nature of her feelings, and had on several occasions conducted herself in rather an extravagant and startling manner, but he probably supposed nothing serious would come of it. One day recently, however, she went to his house and called for Mrs. G., and, when that lady came to the door, drew a pistol, ready cocked, from the folds of her dress, and fired at her rival. The bullet missed, and Mrs. G. bravely rushed upon the desperate girl, and wrenched the pistol from her; but, prepared and determined to shed blood, Susan drew a knife, and, before she could be disarmed by others who interfered, succeeded in inflicting a slight wound upon Mrs. G. The letter states that her father, in order to shield her from a criminal prosecution, was about to send her to an insane asylum.

PERSONAL.

The Tennessee *Quid Nunc* has had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Solon Borland, formerly United States Senator from Arkansas, and afterward United States Envoy to Central America. It will be recollected that a bottle hurled at the Hon. Doctor's nose led to the bombardment and destruction of Greytown by the United States naval forces. The *Quid Nunc* says that he has now retired from public life, and lives quietly on his farm in Arkansas, where he combines the practice of medicine with the pursuits of agriculture. He is in fine health and spirits.

President Buchanan recently, in alluding to the charge that his recent visit to North Carolina was with a view to a nomination for a second term, said that nothing was further from his intention than this; and he would avail himself of the first opportunity publicly to disabuse the minds of those who suspected him of having any design to become again a candidate for the Presidency.

A Turin correspondent writes: "This afternoon I was at the bankers N——. While waiting there I fell into conversation with the Marchese G—— O——, who told me the following: On Saturday he (the Marchese) was told by his banker that that morning a private soldier of the line, in his great coat and side-arms, appeared at the counter of the bank and presented a letter containing a credit in favor of Count ——, on Milan, for 50,000 francs. The banker asked where the Count was. 'I am he,' was the answer."

By the will of the late Charles F. Hovey, the leading dry-goods merchant of Boston, his estate is to be appropriated as follows: To his wife, $50,000; to each of his four children, $17,000; to William Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, and Stephen S. Foster, $2000 each. Several legacies are made to the relatives, and the balance of the estate, which is supposed to amount to $40,000, to Wendell Philips, Francis Jackson, William Lloyd Garrison, and others, for the benefit of the Anti-Slavery, Woman's Rights, and Non-Resistant Societies.

Governor Medary, of Kansas, who has been spending a few days at his old home in Columbus, returned to his official post on Saturday.

Ex-Judge Lecompte is practicing law at Leavenworth.

A wife in Portage is the mother of eleven girls, the eldest but twelve years old. Three of them arrived together a few days ago.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

THE FIRST BATTLE.

The first battle has been fought at Montebello.

The battle of Montebello took place on the 21st ult. The French accounts say that the Austrians, 15,000 strong, under General Stadion, attacked the advanced posts of Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, and were driven back by General Forey's division after a fierce combat of four hours' duration. The Allies, including some Piedmontese cavalry, carried Montebello, but did not pursue the Austrians.

The loss of the latter is stated by the French at 1500 to 2000, and that of the French at 600 to 700, of whom *many were officers!* Two hundred Austrians, including a colonel, were taken prisoners.

The Austrian account simply states that General Stadion pushed forward a reconnoissance by a forced march toward Liglis and Montebello, but after a hot fight with a French force of superior strength *retreated behind the Po* in perfect order.

The actual strength of the French is not stated. Reports say they numbered from 6000 to 7000 besides a regiment of Sardinian cavalry.

THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR TO TAKE THE FIELD.

It was asserted that the Emperor of Austria arrived on the 19th ultimo at Milan, and departed directly for Pavia, accompanied by General Hess. It was reported that General Gyulai had sent word to his Government that his provisions were beginning to fail in Piedmont, and that he would not be able to hold his present position for more than fifteen days longer.

PROGRESS OF THE ALLIES.

The following official French bulletins appeared in the *Moniteur:*

"ALESSANDRIA, *May* 17, 1859.

"The Emperor went yesterday to Valienza, to view the position of our vanguard and the course of the Po. He paid a visit to the King of Sardinia this morning at Occimiano. The weather has become better."

"ALESSANDRIA, *May* 18, 1859.

"The organization of the army is going on actively. The repairs of the damage done by the enemy to the bridges, roads, and railways are approaching completion.

"The Austrians continued their exactions upon the people of Vercelli, who were filled with consternation and quite out of condition to satisfy their demands.

"During the night of the 17th a body of Austrians, 100 strong, escaladed the bridge of Valenza through a breach, and made a fruitless attempt to take it."

THE IMPERIAL ENTRY INTO ALESSANDRIA.

The *Times* correspondent says: "It was yesterday that the Emperor of the French, riding side by side with Marshal Canrobert, and surrounded by a brilliant staff, made his entry into the town, establishing here the head-quarters of his powerful army. I need scarcely tell you that the arrival of his Majesty has been greeted by the most cordial and enthusiastic manifestations on the part both of citizens and soldiers. Triumphal arches were erected in different streets. At the gate of Porta Marengo, which leads to the famous field of battle made illustrious by the First Consul, one arch had been erected, adorned with flowers and flags, on the frieze of which the motto, '*All' crede del Vincitore di Marengo*' (to the descendant of the conqueror of Marengo) had been conspicuously emblazoned in tricolor letters. Victor Emanuel, riding on a fine bay charger, went to meet the Emperor, and took him to the Royal Palace, splendidly decorated for the occasion. The appearance of the King was really magnificent; his martial bearing and his bold, firm aspect gave evidence of the noble race of warriors from whom he springs. It would have been a subject worthy of Marochetti. My pen is not powerful enough to describe the busy and singular appearance of the town. Groups of Zouaves, bands of hussars and lancers, together with the beautiful women and girls of the city, singing and embracing each other with that *nonchalance* which forms one of the prominent features of the present movement. Ladies of rank walking arm in arm with the young officers of the Imperial Guards: priests and soldiers talking together, eating together, drinking and singing together. The enthusiasm was not *d'ordre*, but it was the real manifestation of a powerful and true-felt feeling. This manifestation had no limit when the first order of the day addressed by the Emperor to the army was posted at the corners of the streets, and over the walls of public buildings."

BLOCKADE OF AUSTRIAN PORTS.

The official Weiner *Zeitung* announces that a Norwegian brig, while going into Venice, was stopped by a French frigate and informed that all Austrian ports, with the exception of Trieste and Ancona, were in a state of blockade. The commander of the fortress at Venice had received no notice of the fact. The French fleet before Venice had already taken twenty vessels.

Fifteen French men-of-war had been seen near Cattaro, on the coast of Dalmatia.

The London *Times* correspondent in the Austrian camp says that a naval attack on Venice would have no chance of success. Every channel has either been quite blockaded by sunken ships, or vessels laded with stones are moored close by, ready to close the small remaining passages at a few minutes' notice, and guns of large calibre command all these obstacles. The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, however, says that the French squadron is not to attack Venice, but merely to blockade that port for the present.

AUSTRIAN EXACTIONS.

A dispatch dated Turin, May 17, says: "The bridge of Stella has been threatened by the Austrians. The waters of the Po have risen. Women and children of the country are compelled by the enemy to labor at the works.

"The Mayor of Barbianello, a village in the district of Alessandria, and other Mayors of the province of Voghera, who refused to comply with the demand for contributions, have been arrested.

"Austrian workmen have been assembled on the right bank of the Po and at the bridge of Stella, and other workmen have been collected between Broni and Stradella."

OCCUPATION OF VERCELLI BY THE ALLIES.

A Piedmontese dispatch dated Turin, May 19, says: "Yesterday several detachments of Austrians advanced to Caprisco, near San Germano, driving off cattle and firing at the peasants. Our troops, desiring to fight, awaited the enemy at San Germano, but they withdrew to Vercelli, which place they this morning evacuated, after blowing up two arches of the bridge of Sesia. Our troops occupied Vercelli this afternoon. The Austrians with their artillery are still on the left bank of the river."

RAVAGES OF THE AUSTRIANS

A letter from Turin in the *Indépendance*, of Brussels, says: "The damage already caused by the Austrians is estimated at more than one hundred millions. They have not only made enormous requisitions, but have cut down trees, principally mulberries, burned and blown up bridges, destroyed railways, and sacked country houses and farm buildings. Count Cavour, who has a great part of his property in the provinces where those ravages have been committed, will be a severe sufferer. The Piedmontese people have conducted themselves with much dignity and firmness, not excepting the clergy, toward whom the liberal party felt a certain degree of mistrust. The Austrians could neither find a spy, assistance, nor information among the Piedmontese."

SUCCESS OF THE FRENCH LOAN.

The *Moniteur* of the 17th contains a report of the Minister of Finance respecting the subscriptions made toward the new loan. The subscribed capital amounts to 2,307,000,000 francs. 800,000,000 francs have been subscribed in sums of 10 franc *rente*. The number of subscribers is 525,000. The ministerial report points out that such results prove the solidity of the French financial system, and the wealth, power, and patriotism of France. They also show the intimate union of France and the Emperor, and the entire confidence of the nation in the strength and wisdom of the Sovereign who presides over its destinies.

Galignani's Messenger, of the 15th inst., says: "The crowd of persons desirous of subscribing to the loan of 500 millions continues to be greater than ever. Yesterday, before the offices opened, the line of persons waiting at the Ministry of Finance, many of whom had been there all night, extended completely round the building. Additional offices have been opened in the old barracks of the Assumption, and at the Crédit Mobilier, in the Place Vendôme."

THE POPE DOESN'T TRUST THE EMPEROR.

A letter from Rome, in the Paris *Univers*, says: "The Duke de Grammont was lately admitted to an audience of the Pope, having received a dispatch ordering him to express the sentiments of devotedness of the Emperor of the French toward his Holiness, and to declare that his Majesty was ready under any circumstances to assist the Sovereign Pontiff and to protect his person and his rights. The Pope expressed his thanks, and then pointing to a crucifix, said to the embassador, 'Monsieur le Duc, that is what I confide in.'"

SWITZERLAND POSITIVELY NEUTRAL.

Inclinations were manifested by the Italian refugees on the Swiss frontiers to stir up a revolution in Lombardy, but they were put down by the Swiss troops, who seized a quantity of guns and gunpowder.

The Swiss Federal Diet had resolved on prohibiting the exportation of arms to and the collecting of arms by the inhabitants of places in the immediate vicinity of the Italian frontiers. Fugitives and deserters able to bear arms are to be forbidden to pass from the territories of one belligerent into the territories of the other.

RUMORED TREACHERY OF RUSSIA.

The Liverpool *Post* professes to have reliable information explanatory of Austria's mysterious proceedings. It says the moment the French troops cross the Ticino the Austrian troops will march direct on Paris. Russia will then join Austria, and the reward of what looks like treachery is to be Moldavia and Wallachia. The crossing of the Ticino will be regarded as an invasion of Austrian territory, and on that conviction Prussia and Germany will act. The *Post* then proceeds to show the incentives for a European league against Napoleon, and says that it is disposed to place implicit faith in its information.

The French Government, it was said, had received information that four Russian *corps d'armée* had moved toward the Austrian frontier.

GERMANY ON THE START.

The London *Times* says: "The whole Prussian army has been put on a war footing, the federal fortresses are being rapidly garrisoned, and every State in Germany has its war budget, that of Prussia having been voted unanimously by the Legislature a few days since. Bavaria and Wurtemberg are hardly to be restrained from marching their troops southward at once, and Hanover last week had the audacity to propose an army of observation on the Rhine. It is at this momentous crisis that the Regent closes the Berlin Chambers with an address which, though couched in general terms, and possibly not intended to be followed by any offensive movement, is sufficiently remarkable. We may quote it once more. Prussia, says the Regent, 'is determined to maintain the basis of European public right and the balance of power in Europe. It is Prussia's right and duty to stand up for the security, the protection, and the national interests of Germany, and she will not resign the assertion of these her prerogatives. Prussia expects that all the German Confederate Powers will stand firmly by her side in the fulfillment of that mission, and trusts that her readiness to defend the common Fatherland will merit their confidence.'"

RESIGNATION OF BUOL—PROSPECT OF ANOTHER HOLY ALLIANCE.

We read in the Vienna correspondence—"At eleven o'clock yesterday morning Count Buol ceased to be Minister for Foreign Affairs; but it is not yet known whether he tendered his resignation, or whether he was requested by the Emperor to retire from office. It is not likely that the deposition of the Austrian Minister will produce any great sensation in England, but it is an event of the very highest importance. It is said to be somewhat dangerous to jump at conclusions, but I risk nothing by affirming *that the policy of Austria is about to undergo a complete change.* Count Buol, who has a very strong bias in favor of England, was so deeply impressed with the conviction that what was bad for Austria, Prussia, and Germany, was also bad for the British empire, that he confidently believed he would have the moral, if not the material, support of her Majesty's Government should this country be involved in a war with France. The assistance which Austria claimed from England was, that she should declare to the French Government that the Adriatic must be considered a strictly neutral sea. As Lord Malmesbury declined to do this, the enemies of Count Buol made a violent attack on him, and succeeded in persuading the Court that, as nothing was to be expected or even hoped from England, *it would be wise to make peace with Russia.*

"At the moment Count Buol left office the first step toward a reconciliation was taken, *and it is probable that a good understanding will soon be established between the Austrian and Russian empires.* Austria will, as a matter of course, be obliged to make many concessions, but the chances are that they will be at the expense of Turkey rather than at her own. If things should progress favorably between the St. Petersburg and Vienna Governments we shall soon see the *Kreuz Zeitung* party in power again in Prussia, *and when that is the case the re-establishment of the Holy Alliance may reasonably be expected.*"

AN AMERICAN CAPTAIN REFUSES TO HELP THE FRENCH.

A London *Times* letter from Toulon says: "The masters of several English merchant ships that have been lying here have applied, from time to time, to the authorities for Government freights to Genoa, and have been invariably refused, on the ground that, during the Indian rebellion, the British Government and East India Company declined to engage French tonnage. The authorities also said that they did not want any foreign aid: the military and mercantile navies of France were quite sufficient for all her wants. But recently the case has altered, and application has been made, in several instances, to English ships for the conveyance of stores to Genoa. An American skipper was applied to the other day, and he declined the offer. The reason he gave for doing so was highly creditable. He was not satisfied in his own mind that the war was honest, conducive to freedom, and likely to benefit humanity; he therefore did not feel justified in lending his aid to its promotion."

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following address of Prince Napoleon:

"ARMY OF ITALY, FIFTH CORPS D'ARMÉE.—Soldiers of the Fifth Corps of the Army of Italy—The Emperor calls me to the honor of commanding you. Many of you are my old comrades of Alma and Inkermann. As in the Crimea, and as in Africa, you will sustain your glorious reputation. Discipline, courage, tenacity—such are the military virtues which you will once more display to Europe, which is attentively watching for the great events in preparation. The country which was the cradle of ancient civilization and of modern *renaissance* is about to owe its liberty to you. You will deliver that country forever from its oppressors—from those eternal enemies of France whose name is associated in our history with all our struggles and all our victories. The reception which the Italian people give to their liberators bears witness to the justice of the cause which the Emperor defends. *Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France! Vive l'Indépendance Italienne!*

"The Prince commanding in chief the fifth corps of the army of Italy. NAPOLEON (JEROME)."

UNPOPULARITY OF PLON PLON.

A writer says: "Prince Napoleon, with his fair bride, had preceded the Emperor to the station of the Lyons Railway by about three quarters of an hour. Here and there a little vivacity was exhibited toward the Princess, but no one seemed to have a word of greeting for the Prince. In fact, this man appears to be a perpetual cause of difficulty. At one time a report prevailed that all idea of his receiving a command was entirely given up, and Paris heard with surprise that the only son of the surviving brother of Napoleon the Great was to have no part or share in the regeneration of Italy. The truth came out at last, and was that no officer of any character was willing to be his Imperial Highness's subordinate. It is impossible to believe one half the stories we hear of his want of courage, and which have caused the following *jeu de mots* to his discredit—Rendons, Plomb Plomb vaillant—'Let us make our mock general—our general of lead—brave.' Marshal Randon having taken the place of Marshal Vaillant as Minister of Law, and Plomb Plomb being, of course, Prince Napoleon. But it does seem that so uncontrollable is his temper that every other qualification, however meritorious, is borne over by it. If threatened, he will incur even the reputation of cowardice rather than give way, and his language on such occasions is so vile and abusive that even the renown of Achilles himself would be necessary to find any apology for it."

THE HUNGARIANS TO RISE.

It is said that arms have been sent to Hungary, and that the Hungarians abroad are indefatigable in their exertions to create a diversion in favor of the French by an insurrection in that part of the Austrian dominions. General Klapka is said to be now in Piedmont waiting for the most favorable moment to carry out the plans organized by the Hungarian committee.

FIRST SPY SHOT.

It is stated that a wagoner saw the spy Dossona receive money from an Austrian officer at Vercelli, and denounced him to the Piedmontese authorities. Some carbineers were sent in search of him, and soon effected his arrest. He denied the charge of being a spy, but on being confronted with the wagoner he became confused, and at length confessed. He was tried at once by a court-martial, as already stated, and shot.

THE EMPRESS AGAINST THE WAR.

A Paris correspondent of the Boston *Post* says that the Empress Eugénie, as Regent, is said to have given great cause of uneasiness by her behavior at the Council. She broke forth into an opinion of her own which astonished them all. She declared the war to be unjust and wicked—exposed her conviction that it would never come to a prosperous end—and in the midst of sobs and exclamations, betraying, by sundry appeals and passionate entreaties, immediately to cause the strife to cease, that all these ideas had been lodged in her beautiful head by no less a personage than the Archbishop of Paris, went off into a fit of mild, moist hysterics, and, sinking back in her chair, covered her face with her handkerchief and spoke no more.

MARTIAL SONGS.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, in speaking of the exciting events of the departure of the French Emperor from Paris, relates the following incident:

"I saw a whole regiment pass under the windows of the Tuileries, where Louis Napoleon and his Court were standing, and as they reeled along the crowded street, shouted *La Marseillaise*—that war song, that *Ranz des Vaches* of liberty, which makes freemen home-sick. How the *sergens de ville* ran from every corner to silence the unchronological rascals! Didn't they bawl furiously! But you should have seen the officers drive back the police, bidding them, in the imperative voice of camps, 'Let them alone. They have a right to sing any thing they please!' The din of arms hath even drowned the voice of the law. Louder, louder they sang *La Marseillaise*, the band playing it with inexpressible spirit. The next regiment heard the old acquaintance, and struck up its fellow—*Mourir Pour la Patrie*—the famous song of the Girondins. The Imperial song—*Partant Pour la Syrie*—was heard nowhere; court 'floating-island' is too unsubstantial a food for this crisis. Every soldier feels he is engaged in a contest whose end and whose combatants no one can foresee.'"

THE ZOUAVES ON THE ALERT.

Four Zouaves arrived lately at the railway station at St. Etienne to take a train for Lyons, and ordered some refreshments. While they were eating and drinking they told, to the amusement of the by-standers, tales of their exploits in the Crimea. An ironmaster of the Loire, who happened to be present, was so much pleased with them that he told the keeper of the buffet to give each of them a bottle of the best wine, and that he would pay the whole score. When, then, the repast being finished, one of the Zouaves pulled out a purse evidently containing but little, and asked what he had to pay, the waiter answered, "Nothing; and besides, here is another bottle for each of you!" At the words "another bottle" the Zouaves pricked up their ears, but, asking no questions, they proceeded to drink the wine, which they pronounced excellent. Noticing then the ironmaster, one of them said, "It is you, Sir, who have given us this treat?" and the others rose and saluted him in military fashion. The ironmaster protested that they were mistaken, but the Zouaves insisted. "It is you!" said the spokesman of the band, and then added, "We are in too great a hurry to make a long speech; but if you have occasion in a few months to go to Vienna, ask for us, and we will not only show you the curiosities of the place, but will treat you to wine from Prince Metternich's own cellar." They rushed to the train and departed.

ENGLAND.

RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

The Parliamentary elections have been completed, with the following result: Liberals elected, 253; Conservatives elected, 302. This is a ministerial gain of 23. Included in the Liberals are about fifty independent members and ultra-Liberals, who will hold the balance of power.

The Queen's speech, it was expected, would not be delivered before the 10th of June.

The London *Daily News* says that the Liberals will insist on taking up the reform question at the point where it stood when the dissolution of Parliament took place.

THE QUEEN AT THE OPERA.

A letter from London to the *Express* says of Queen Victoria's visit to the Covent Garden Opera, at the performance of Mr. Wallace's "Maritana:"

"On the entrance of her Majesty there was no demonstration on the part of the audience or the artists. She was quite plainly dressed, in modestly low neck and short sleeves, with a couple of pink roses in her hair; and she took her seat more quietly than most ladies of fashion, who enter the Opera house in a blaze of jewelry or jimcrackery. Prince Albert was seated on the right, and next him the three Maids of Honor filled the remaining front seats. The Queen and the Prince both seemed to take a lively interest in the performance, following the singers through the *libretto*, but at the same time scanning not only the artists but the occupants of the boxes pretty closely through their *lorgnettes*. When the Prince chatted and laughed with the honorable, but by no means dangerously beautiful, 'maid' who sat beside him, *his wife* invariably leaned toward them to catch the joke and join in the laugh. Victoria is, beyond all question, a model wife and mother, as well as a most virtuous and gracious Queen. Her subjects love her so well that no radical or republican wit dares to caricature or satirize her. Quite different is it with Prince Albert, who is often *Punched*, when the dear little Queen says, in her wife-like affectionateness, '*Why don't they ridicule me instead?*'"

FRANCE.

GUIZOT TURNED OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME.

The house in which M. Guizot has lived for more than twenty years, in the Rue de la Ville L'Evêque, Paris, is comprised in those which are to come down for the formation of the Boulevard Malesherbes, and a sum of 300,000 francs has been paid to the owner as the price of its expropriation. M. Guizot has taken an apartment in the Faubourg St. Honoré, nearly opposite the English embassy.

A LUCKY OLD WOMAN.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes: "Among the coarse women of the Central Markets was a person known as *la mère* Michel. She was absolutely unlettered, being able neither to read nor write. She kept no 'books'—an accountant costs money. She came to Paris, in 1832, without a sou in her pocket or shoes to her feet, and her first place was as servant to a market-woman. Scanty as her wages were, she saved something out of them, and in the course of time opened a market-stall of her own for the sale of green groceries. She rapidly extended her trade, and at the time of her death she had for years annually purchased $30,000 worth of fruit and forced vegetables from market-gardeners in the neighborhood of Paris, and received even larger values of green groceries from the southern provinces. She sold every year $50,000 worth of fruit and forced vegetables to distillers, confectioners, *restaurateurs*, etc., and as large a sum again to private families, and she cleared every year $5000. She had amassed a fortune of $54,000, which she had invested in real estate, government securities, and mortgages, and while forming this capital she gave her son the best education she could procure for him in Paris, regretted most bitterly—so she said—her own neglected education, which had proved so great an impediment to her progress in life. She was cut off untimely by the accident on the St. Germain Railway last year. Her family claimed $24,000 from the Company; they argued she was only fifty-two years old—would probably have carried on her business eight years longer—would probably have made $40,000, besides selling her business and stand for a large sum of money. The Court allowed the family $10,000."

ITALY.

STATE OF THE KING.

A letter from Naples of the 10th of May, in the Paris *Union*, says:

"The King continues in the same state, and hopes are still entertained in his favor. The most perfect tranquillity prevails here, and the same is the case in Sicily. Prayers are offered up generally for the recovery of his Majesty. The King has been removed from the ground-floor of the palace to a large room on the first floor, where he feels himself much better. During the last two days his Majesty has slept well. Castellamare and Sorgento are full of foreigners, who have arrived from all parts of Italy."

AMERICANS LEAVING ROME.

We have seen a private letter from Rome, dated April 26, which says that "our countrymen and other strangers sojourning temporarily in Rome, have become very much excited and alarmed by the news of the war, and are scampering away as fast as they can. The Grinnells went on April 25; Mr. Harry Stone on the 26th; and ex-President Pierce cut and ran on the second day of Holy Week. He appeared at St. Peter's on Sunday; and although seats were secured for the ex-King of Prussia, the ex-Queen of Spain, the diplomatic corps, and other distinguished strangers, there was none for the ex-President; and no one paid him the least attention except the courier of Mr. William Beach Lawrence, who succeeded in getting him a place somewhere among the crowd. It is thought there must have been an intention in this discourtesy to General Pierce; and this view is rather confirmed by the fact that when Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Fillmore were in Rome unusual civilities were shewn them."

INDIA.

DEATH OF TANTIA TOPEE AND YEH.

Tantia Topee was tried by court-martial on the 15th of April, and was sentenced to death, and hanged on the 18th.

The rebels, in small bodies, continued to be fallen in with, and were generally dispersed.

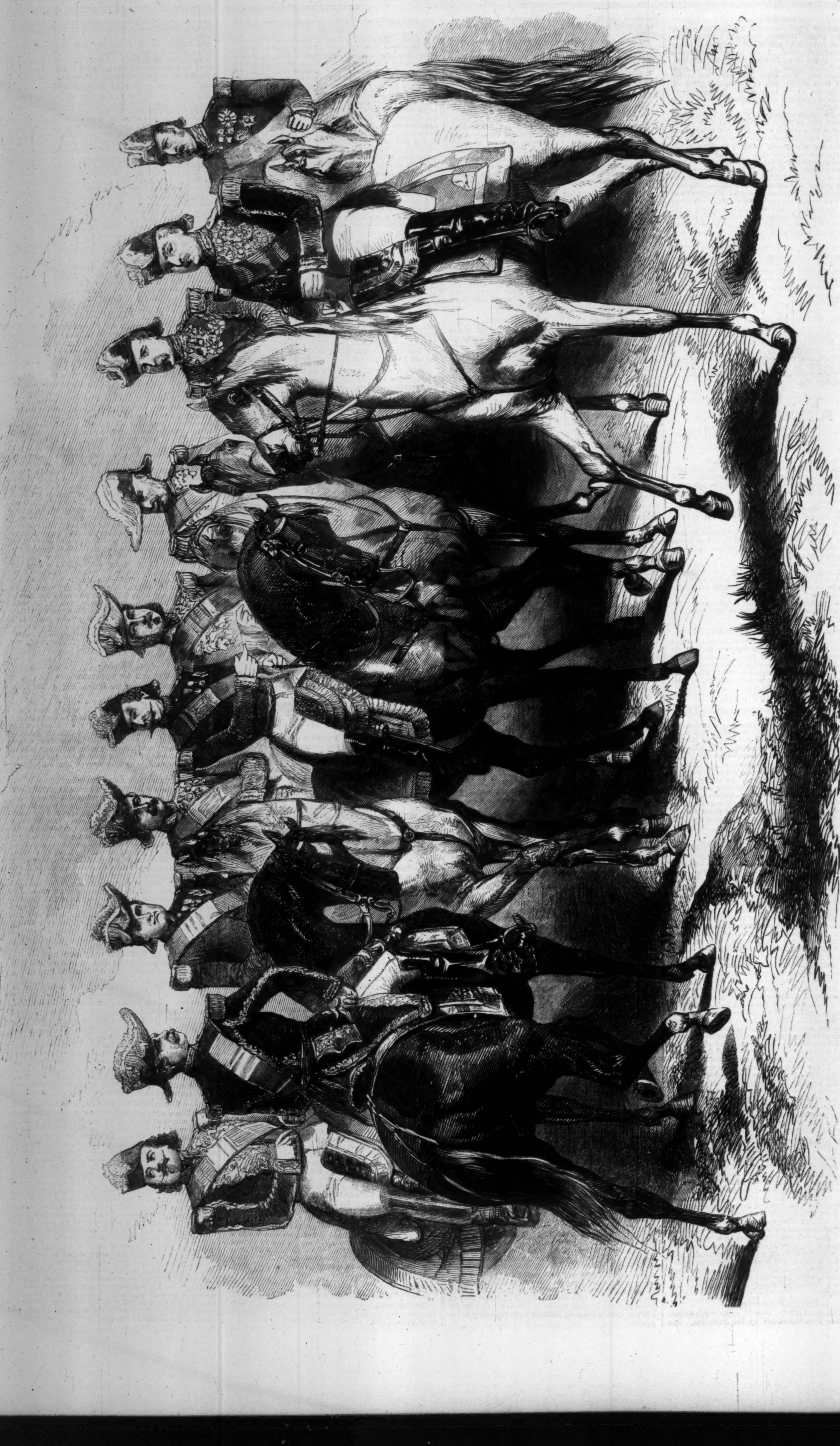
The latest advices from Calcutta report the death of Commissioner Yeh.

SIR JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHOY.

Intelligence has been received from Bombay of the death of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, on the 14th of April, at the age of seventy-six. He was at the head of the native mercantile body of India, and was created a baronet by the British Government a few years back. He was also presented with the freedom of the city of London. His donations to public objects during his successful mercantile career amounted to about £300,000, and he has bequeathed a large fortune to his family.

EXECUTION OF TANTIA TOPEE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "Tantia had expressed some anxiety to know his fate, and to have it expeditiously executed. Consequently, at 12 (noon) it was intimated to him that he was to be executed that evening. He again feelingly expressed a wish that, as they were about to take his life, the Government would see to his baba in Gwalior. Major Meade read the charge, that he, being a resident of Bithoor, in British territory, was guilty of rebellion in waging war against the British Government. The finding of the Court was *guilty*; and the sentence, that he be hanged by the neck until he was dead. The *mistree* then knocked off the leg-irons. He mounted the rickety ladder with as much firmness as handcuffs would allow him, was then pinioned, and his legs tied, he remarking that there was no necessity for these operations, and he then deliberately put his head into the noose, which being drawn tight by the executioner, the fatal bolt was drawn. He struggled very slightly, and the 'mehters' were called to drag him straight. A sergeant of the Third Bengals acted as hangman. Thus finished the career of the rebel chief Tantia Topee, with all the due solemnities of British military routine. When the suspended body became motionless the troops were all marched off, and the body remained hanging for the remainder of the evening. After the troops left, a great scramble was made by officers and others to get a lock of hair, etc."



MARSHAL CANROBERT. MARSHAL RANDON. PRINCE NAPOLEON. MARSHAL BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS. THE EMPEROR. MARSHAL MAGNAN. MARSHAL CASTELLANE. GENERAL MACMAHON. DUKE OF MALAKOFF. GENERAL NIEL.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. AND THE GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

A TURCO.

A ZOUAVE IN MARCHING ORDER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT BOCHER.]

A TURCO.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

THE HOSTILE ARMIES.

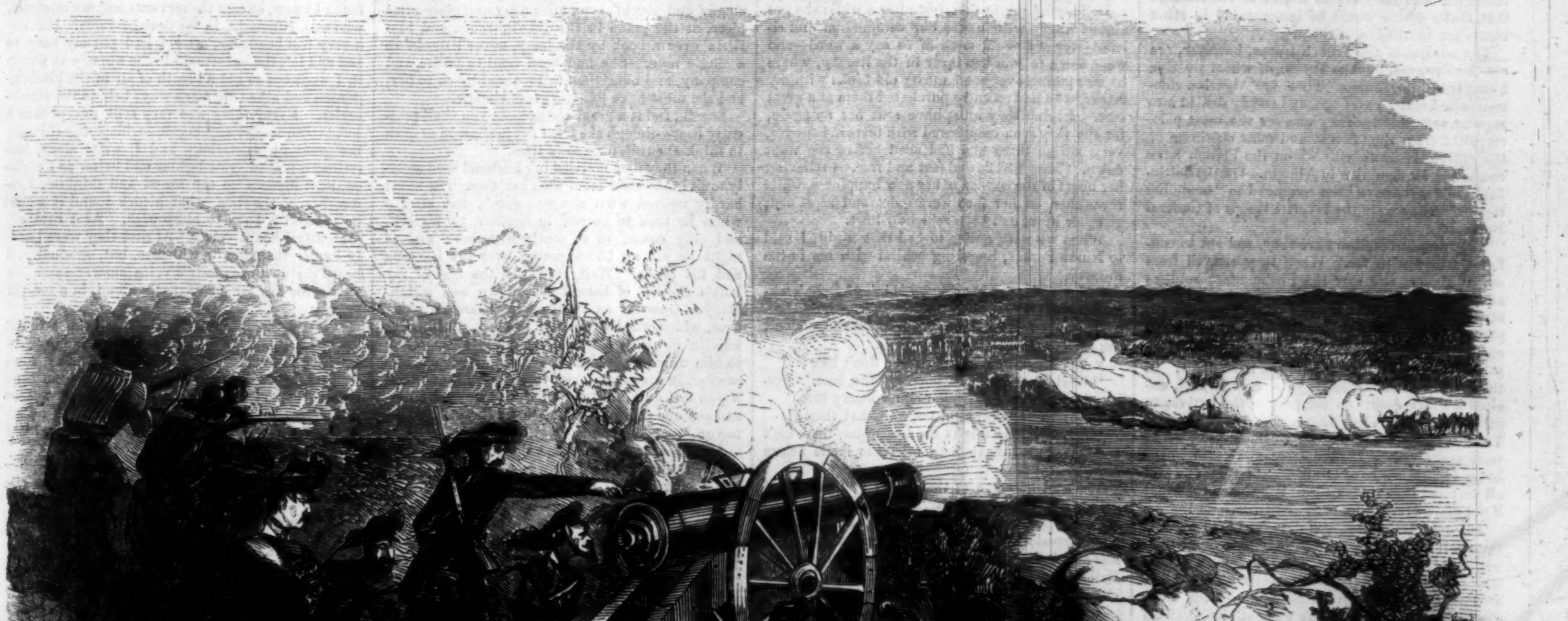
WE give herewith an engraving of the Emperor Napoleon and his Generals, portraits of members of the famous corps known as Zouaves and Turcos, and a sketch of the skirmish between the Austrians and Sardinians on the borders of the Po.

Of the French staff, four members are pretty well known to our readers. Every one will recognize the Emperor, with his hard face and waxed mustache; the Prince Napoleon, whose resemblance to his uncle is his chief capital in trade; fat old Marshal Pelissier, the hero of the Ouled-Riah Cave, and of the Malakoff; Canrobert, an excellent soldier, but the man who didn't take Sebastopol. The other officers are less generally known.

Marshal Randon, who occupies the next position to Canrobert, is an old soldier of the First Empire, who served in the campaign against Russia, was wounded at Lutzen, and was in a fair way of rapid promotion when the unlucky overthrow of Napoleon destroyed his prospects. It was not till Louis Philippe ascended the throne that he again obtained military employment. The Orleans dynasty sent him to Algiers, where, as first captain, then colonel, of Chasseurs, he won his fame honorably. He took a prominent part in the civil administration of the country, and for many years filled the important post of Governor-General. During a brief period under the republic he was Minister of War. His titles and dignities at present are Senator, Marshal of France, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

Baraguay d'Hilliers, who is on the left of the Emperor, is also an old soldier of the First Empire. He is, however, a man of accommodating temper; and though, during Napoleon's heyday, he was stanch to his cause, at the cost of some ugly wounds received in battle, when his star set Baraguay d'Hilliers found that his conscience did not prevent his swearing allegiance to the Bourbons. The step involved him in some duels, but he came out of them without material injury. He rallied without scruple to the Orleans interest when Louis Philippe became king, and in Algeria had the honor of commanding the Duke d'Aumale, whose bravery he took care to eulogize with emphasis in his dispatches. From this period till the revolution of February he filled various offices of honor and emolument under the Orleans Government. In February, 1848, he sent in his adhesion to the Provisional Government, ran for the department of Doubs as *deputé*, was elected, and figured prominently in the Constituent Assembly as a member of "the right," an uncompromising opponent, however, of General Cavaignac. He was a very active politician at this time, founded and became president of the famous Club of the Rue de Poitiers. When Louis Napoleon resolved to overthrow the republic, Baraguay d'Hilliers was one of his first allies. He took part in the *coup d'état*, and took the post previously occupied by Changarnier as commander of the army of Paris. During the Russian war he commanded the army which took Bomarsund. He is now Vice-President of the Senate, Marshal of France, and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Marshal Magnan was intended by his relatives to be a lawyer. He, however, ran away from the law school in 1809, and enlisted in the army at the age of eighteen. Two years' service won for him the rank of second lieutenant, and in the following year admission to the Imperial Guard. He fought at Waterloo; but was so highly esteemed by the friends of Louis XVIII. that he was offered promotion to enter that monarch's army. He did so, and rose steadily to the rank of Colonel. In 1831, the Government of Louis Philippe suspected him of a want of energy in suppressing a riot at Lyons, and he fell into disgrace. Leaving France, he took service in Belgium, where he served with the rank of General for seven years. On his return to France he obtained a high military post in the northeast; and was, it is said, gravely compromised in the affair of Boulogne. In 1848 he behaved very well. He hastened to the Tuileries, and urged Louis Philippe to let him defend the throne; the monarch refusing, he repaired to the Duchess of Orleans, and was the only Gen-



THE SKIRMISH AT FRASSINETTO.—[FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN FIRLI, OF THE PIEDMONTESE ARMY.]

eral officer who accompanied her to the Chambre to plead for her son. All failing, he rallied heartily to the support of the Government, did good service during the terrible days of June, and quelled a revolutionary movement at Lyons. He was offered by Charles Albert the command of the Piedmontese army, but declined. As soon as the contest began between the Emperor and the Assembly he took the side of the former, and was one of the few confidential friends who were in the plot. His conduct at the time is said to have been marked by great energy. He has since filled various high offices. He is a Marshal of France, a Senator, Grand Cross, and *Grand Veneur*.

Marshal Castellane, who is on the right of Marshal Magnan, is another old soldier of the First Empire. He also, though of old and wealthy family, entered the army as a private and fought his way to the rank of Colonel. He was a terrible scape-grace, who could not live without excitement. Napoleon the elder was very fond of him, and made him senior Colonel of the Guards of Honor. In the Russian campaign he had his right hand frozen, and has never wholly recovered. Under the Bourbon and Orleans *régimes* Castellane never filled any prominent office. In 1848 he did good service at Rouen by preventing a riot; and in 1851, at Lyons, he showed remarkable energy in the like service. He is an old man of uncommonly active temperament and eccentric habits, constantly in broils, and constantly getting his name into the papers.

General Macmahon is one of the youngest of Napoleon's staff. He comes of an Irish family which followed the Stuarts into exile. His military education was gone through in Algiers. He rose into public notice during the Crimean war, when he succeeded Canrobert as General of Division; at the attack on Sebastopol he assaulted and carried the Malakoff. He is about fifty-one years of age, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and Senator.

General Niel is the most distinguished of the French engineers. He was dispatched during the Crimean war to Bomarsund, and directed the operations there; afterward, he was sent to the Crimea, to report for the special instruction of the Emperor, who was so struck with his sagacity that he gave him the entire control of the engineers' department. General Niel is fifty-seven years of age, and is universally esteemed a prudent and capable officer.

We gave in our last number a picture of the Zouaves departing from Versailles for the war. We now give a portrait of one of those famous soldiers in full marching order. The burden he carries is something wonderful. Besides his arms and clothing he carries kettle, pot, and cup, all of metal; a bag of vegetables and part of a loaf; various utensils for camp service, and any stray food that he can seize by the way. In Africa the Zouaves often carried, besides, a bundle of hay for the cattle, a fagot of sticks for fire-wood, and a gallon or so of water; under which agreeable load they marched gayly twenty miles a day across African deserts. Human endurance can no farther go.

The Zouaves are uncivilly nick-named "Jackals" by their comrades of the French line. It is certain that their ideas of *meum* and *tuum* are somewhat confused. Many of them are vagabonds from the great cities of Europe, who have enlisted to save their necks. Discipline among the Zouaves is not easily maintained, especially in the field; and they are so useful as skirmishers that faults which would be inexcusable in other troops are overlooked in them.

The wildest of the French troops, however, are not the Zouaves, but the *Turcos*, of whom we give a couple of illustrations. These are Algerian riflemen raised many years ago, and slowly drilled into regular regiments. They are, for the most part, recruited from the bravest and most obstinate of the native Africans with whom the French have contended for dominion in Algeria. On the battle-field the *Turcos* have been compared to "bounding tigers." They were the favorite troops of General Bosquet.

Very desperate fellows are they, and apt to confound friend with foe. When they arrived from sea at Genoa, and saw the Piedmontese soldiers assembled on the quays to receive them, they uttered their wild war-cry, and tumbled over each other into the boats, bent on doing battle with "the enemy." It was all the French officers could do to prevent them falling foul of the Sardinians. In their camp at Rivarolo they have, it is said, excited a lively desire on the part of the natives to get rid of them. Their bravery is beyond dispute. Twenty of them who had been caught plundering were sentenced by their officers to be sent to the home dépôt by way of punishment; they one and all declared that they would blow their brains out if not allowed to accompany their comrades.

The only action that has thus far taken place is the affair of Frassinetto, mentioned in our last paper. We give an engraving of it, from a sketch made by an officer who was present. The French account states that on 3d May one of the *corps d'armée* constituting the left wing of the Austrian army attempted to cross the Po. Skirmishers and sharp-shooters were thrown out along the left bank of the river, and a battery of artillery brought up to cover the passage. On their first appearance, fire was opened from the Piedmontese batteries on the right bank, and after a few hours' firing the Austrians gave up the attempt.

Another version of the affair is given by the London *Times* correspondent who accompanies the Austrian army. He says:

"At Valenza, there were two fine bridges across the Po. The one the Piedmontese had themselves destroyed, and the other the Austrians determined to destroy for them; so, on the 3d and 4th they made great demonstrations as if to cross the river, both there and opposite Frassinetto, and succeeded in mining the bridge.

"At Frassinetto the intended deception was completely successful. Quantities of boards, etc., were ordered with great ostentation at Candia, and some hundreds of laborers. On the 3d of May some lancers led the way across a ford of the Sesia to an island between that river and the Po. Four companies of grenadiers followed, and half a rocket battery, the whole under Colonel Puchner. The island is thickly covered with brushwood, so the smallness of their number was concealed from the enemy, who opened a heavy fire from the southern bank of the Po. This was answered by the rocket battery and the grenadiers, who extended themselves along the bank.

"As the Piedmontese fancy they did much mischief that day, a few accurate figures may be useful. The Austrians lost on the 3d, before midnight, one man killed and eight wounded; of the latter one has since died.

"At night Captain Dwyer, an Irishman, led over another battalion to the island, and a noise of hammering was kept up till morning, as if bridges for the passage of a large army were being constructed. During the entire night the loss to the Austrians was only three men wounded."

ELEVEN O'CLOCK, AMONG THE FIR-TREES.

Nurse Parket had lived with us ever since our mother's death, and we—my sister Bella, myself, and little Lucy—loved her dearly.

Nurse Parket, in a plain, homely, but deep, earnest way, strove to fill our mother's place toward us, her little orphans; for our father, a quiet country gentleman, given up to antiquarian pursuits, though kind and amiable of heart, hardly noticed us in an ordinary fatherly way. He was, however, always ready to listen to Nurse Parket's suggestions, and we had grown up, under governesses whom she had reminded him to secure, until Lucy was sixteen, when, the lesson-book part of our education being finished, we were left alone with our father and Nurse Parket.

No; not quite alone. A gentleman, neither young nor old, a very great friend, or rather companion, of my father, as fond of antiquarian lore as he, but not half as amiable, was in the habit of making such long visits at Coombe Uplands (the name of our old place), that he might be said to live there for half the year. Mr. Joachim was this gentleman's name—a gentleman of a gloomy turn of character, and his aspect was quite in unison with it. He had a grave, saturnine expression about his long, dark face, and a searching, suspicious look in his unfathomable eyes, the color of which could never have been determined by the most scrutinizing observer, but wherein could be seen, at times, a dull glare, as of smouldering fire never permitted to flash out, that made me shrink involuntarily whenever I looked at him, while, as for little Lucy—we called her "little" because she was the youngest, and our pet—she could hardly bear his very presence.

It was far otherwise with Bella. She was always a fearless, daring child, strangely attracted toward any thing peculiar (a part of her character which she might have derived from her father, though she was, in other respects, most unlike him, he being quiet and grave, and she high-spirited and full of life), and it was, perhaps, on this account that she alone among us liked our dark, strange visitor, Mr. Joachim.

It became quite certain, in the course of time, that, in his own odd, undemonstrative way, he liked her; for he proposed himself to her as a husband, and, to our unspeakable regret, she accepted him. I shall never forget the day she did so, for Lucy, and I, and Nurse Parket, when she came up into the nursery to be congratulated, kissed and cried over her to that degree that it might have been supposed she was going to die instead of marry.

Bella cried too, at first, but after a while she got almost angry with us for our compassion and silence—for we could none of us say a word—and went down to join her lover in the library, where he was poring over some musty old books with my father, who had recently purchased them at a great cost. I think they must have sent her up again, for she very soon reappeared with tears in her eyes, very unlike those she had shed before she went down. They had flowed fast and free, as relieving her heart of the burden of her new happiness, while those then on her face were quiet and repressed, as if her heart had been somehow hurt.

When we were going to bed that night, I said to Nurse Parket, lingering behind with her in the nursery,

"Nurse, dear, what do you think of Bella's engagement?"

"My dear Miss Alice," she answered, "don't ask me."

"Ah! then, nurse, I know you don't like it."

"Well, dear, we will hope for the best. Perhaps, after all, Miss Bella mayn't marry him."

"But Bella loves him, nurse—what then?"

"My dear, she thinks she loves him, there isn't a doubt, but I have seen mistakes made before now."

We said no more at that time; but I recollect going to bed very unhappy, and dreaming restlessly, with nightmare oppressiveness, of Mr. Joachim, who seemed a kind of grim, gloomy phantom, formless and indescribable, but always overshadowing Bella with a black, mysterious mantle, whenever she was going to smile or speak to me.

About this time a surprising thing occurred. Never, since we had all had the measles together, in our childhood, had my father come up stairs into our nursery; but one day he presented himself at the door, and entered, for the purpose of giving us a piece of intelligence. The intelligence, unexpected as it was, hardly surprised us so much as my father's appearance in the nursery. It was, however, to the effect that our Aunt Dorothea (the only aunt we had), of whom we had heard from time to time from Nurse Parket, and very occasionally from my father, as living in Italy with her invalid husband, was to be expected at Coombe Uplands in the course of a week. She had returned to England, having lost her husband, and my father had asked her to come and take up her residence with us, at what used to be, when they were boy and girl together, her old home.

One evening just about dusk we were all sitting together in our own room. I was thinking about Mr. Joachim, and Bella in connection with him, when Nurse Parket entered, and I made her come and sit down with me upon the couch. The quiet, Nurse Parket, and our sisterly companionship in the dear old nursery, led me into thoughts of the past days of our childhood, when, in the same place, at such an hour, we had sat by the uncertain fire-light listening to nurse's stories, and I felt an irrepressible desire to revive them once more as far as, in the nature of things, they could be revived.

"Nurse, dear," I said, "you used to tell us stories when we were children. We are all very quiet—tell us one now."

"My dear Miss Alice," she said, laughing, "you wouldn't care for Cinderella, nor Goody Two Shoes, now, and what else should I have to tell you?"

"Oh, I don't know," I answered, "but something, I'm sure. You have lived in different places before you came here, and you must have some grown-up stories to tell if you only think. By-the-way," I said, suddenly, "nurse, dear, had you ever a sweet-heart?"

Nurse Parket smiled, and then looked grave, and passed her hand across her face as she answered,

"Yes, miss, once—but he died long before you were born, my dear. I don't think I could tell you any story about that. He died before your dear mamma was married."

She paused, and, thinking for a few minutes, said, looking over at Bella, who still sat quiet with Lucy's head against her lap,

"I think I'll try to tell you a story, my dears, about somethin' that happened once, but which you none of you ever heard, when I was almost a young woman. But you must excuse my way of tellin' it, and listen to it only because it is true."

We were all fond of stories, especially Lucy; and Bella, rousing herself from her meditative attitude, we settled ourselves to listen attentively. Nurse Parket commenced:

The story, my dears, is about a beautiful lady that I once lived with—first, when she was a young lady, as her maid, and afterward, when she was married and a mother, as her baby's nurse. She was always very fond of me, and I of her. She lived in a large town before she married, and her father and mother being company-keepin' people, and she being so very pretty, there was a great many gentlemen admired her, and she might have married *well*, as they call it, at least a dozen times. I'm an old woman, and an old maid, but I think there is only one way of marryin' well, and that is when a woman, or a lady, marries a man, or a gentleman, really suited to her, and when there is real true love on both sides. I told you, Miss Alice, the other night, that I had seen mistakes in marriage, made in my time, and the marriage this young lady made was no doubt one of them.

Bella looked up, and seemed to fancy that nurse and I might have been talking of her on the night alluded to. Nurse went on:

Well; I never could tell how my young lady came to marry the gentleman she did choose after all. He was older a good deal than she. She was gay and sprightly like—he was still and grave. She liked life, and stir, and change—he liked nothin' but readin' and sittin' still. She was as fond of music as a bird—he couldn't tell one tune from another. Often and often I have seen her sittin', singin' and playin', song after song and piece after piece, at the piano in the drawin'-room, and him sittin' over a book by the lamp, never listenin' to a single note. She had been used to praise and company, and every one to love and listen to her, and she must have felt it a great change.

She did feel it a great change—as you shall presently hear—though she tried not to show it, or even to think about it, for a long time.

When they first married her husband used mostly to sit in the same room with her, though he never hardly noticed what she was doin'; but after a while he took to keepin' in another, by himself, and only comin' in to meals with her; and at night he sat up hours poring over his learning and his books. Well, then was the first of my lady's showin' of herself cast down and melancholy. One day as I passed my master's study door, which was half open, I saw her, all in tears, kneelin' down by his chair, and sayin' somethin' to him which I could not hear. But I heard him answer, in his grave, even voice, "Well, my dear, if you feel dull, send for your mother and sister, and any one else you like, to make the place gayer to you."

I was nearer guessin' what they had been talkin' about, I thought, than he was what was grievin' her aching heart. He was a good sort of a man, but he couldn't understand it.

In a week or two's time after that, however, the house was full of company. My lady's mother, her sister, her brother, some of their cousins, and others besides. The house seemed turned almost upside down after the still life we'd led; but lookin' at my lady's pale face—which was like a June rose once, but at this time only flushed with excitement now and then—I didn't believe she was much the happier for all the company.

However, among them there was a great friend of my lady's brother, who was thought to be thinkin' of her sister, and who was one of the cleverest, handsomest, and most accomplished gentlemen I ever saw. There didn't seem to be any thing that he couldn't do, or didn't know. He was as much a favorite with all the servants in the house as he was with all the ladies and gentlemen, and appeared as amiable as he was clever and handsome. Even my master would sometimes leave his books and talk to him, but not very often.

He was a beautiful rider on horseback, and broke in a horse for my lady which nobody else could manage. My lady was very fond of ridin', and had gone out in a dull way with the groom, because my master didn't use himself to horses, very often for the mere pleasure she had in the exercise. This handsome gentleman and her brother, however, rode with her now, and the handsome gentleman always helped her to her saddle. Of an evenin' he sung duets with her, or read aloud for the benefit of the whole company, except my master, who would slip away to his study and his books. When he left, the house seemed very dull, and my mistress too, but especially her sister, though that was for another reason which I didn't think of then, but she found out something long before any one else would have done. It was only natural, for she loved him very much, and had hoped he loved her. She died, poor thing! in a deep decline, two or three years afterward.

Well, the handsome gentleman knew some of the families in the neighborhood, and from our house he went to stay with one of them, and so, occasionally, we saw him still; but at last he went away altogether, and so did all our company, and we were very quiet again for some months.

One day, some time after this, something came to my mistress, which I hoped would make her happy after all—a dear little baby, and I was its nurse—but it did not. Something else had come to her, I suppose. We are all weak creatures, my dears, and the best of us can not stand in our own strength, and if we let wrong wishes and thoughts come into our minds without strivin' against them with more than our poor might, they mostly will come, and make sure prey of us. Something of this sort had warped my poor dear lady's mind, I fear. She was very young—had been praised, petted, and almost spoiled from her childhood—and her husband, though not unkind, neglected of her.

Nurse stopped a moment, and I, getting strangely excited, moved closer to her on the couch, and took hold of her hand. She resumed, glancing down at me:

Not but what she loved her baby. She loved it dearly—but with a poisoned mind. I saw how it all was, when the handsome gentleman I had once liked so much, coming to stay again with that family in the neighborhood, rode over so often to call upon my master, but staid so long with my lady in the drawing-room.

It might have been only fancy, but I thought him not nearly so handsome as he was.

Well. He came and went in the neighborhood for some time, and my lady grew sadder and sadder, and her husband saw nothing, or said nothing, all the while, but appeared to grow more busy and quiet-like every day. Except for the baby, then a year old, and able to talk a little, lispingly, her life was very lonely. Sometimes for days she would scarcely leave the nursery. At others, she seemed to enter it with a faltering step, and a tremble runnin' through her figure, and then, with a frightened face kissing the little innocent, she would hasten away to hide the tears in her eyes, and the aching at her heart.

Though I never saw them together—I mean, my lady and the handsome gentleman—about this time, I knew by instinct (for I loved her, and had done from a child) that they sometimes met. At last I knew it for certain, and I never was so unhappy in my whole life! No, not even when I had a great sorrow of my own.

It was a beautiful autumn evening. My master was gone from home to a meeting of some society connected with what he was always reading about, and there was no soul about the house, as far as I knew, except the servants and my mistress, who was, I thought, in the drawin'-room. Having a very bad headache, after I had put my baby to bed and left the housemaid in the nursery to watch it, I went out to get a breath of air in the kitchen-garden and about the back ways behind the shrubberies. Every thing was very still, except that a soft breeze went soughing and whispering through the great fir-plantations, and I, quite alone, and feeling my head grow lighter and better as I walked, kept listenin' to the sound and thinkin', I remember, at the time, what a nice sound it would be to send a baby to sleep with. As I listened, presently I heard voices. At first they were hardly louder than the fir whispers, but, gradually, I heard my own dear lady's voice answer some low words, too low for me to catch, aloud, in a tone of agony:

"Oh no!" she cried; "Gerald, do not tempt me!—for Heaven's sake do not tempt me to leave my little child!" Her voice, though not a high one, rang through the stillness with such an echo that I trembled lest any one should hear it besides myself. He seemed to hush her, and to try to soothe her, as I gathered from the few words I could overhear.

I knew it was the handsome gentleman, for Gerald was his name, and oh, what a horror I felt of him!

I had never played the listener on purpose before in my life, but now I was determined to hear all I could, and I stood as still as death almost, in my place behind the shrubberies; for was I not her maid when she was little more than a child?—didn't she love me, and might I not try to save her? Besides, I was her own baby's nurse. Anyhow, I stopped.

I heard but very little more except just at the last. They appeared about to part, and then, in his voice, I heard these words: "To-morrow night, then, my own, whether you come or not, at eleven o'clock I shall be here." And, after that, only the sound of stealthy footsteps carefully going over the fallen leaves, and of a low weeping that broke out between whiles when the footsteps were gone.

I waited, perhaps half an hour, perhaps not quite so long. I hardly knew, I was in such a tremor. Then I went in by the kitchen passage-door, and up the back staircase round to my darling's nursery, in the front of the house, next to my lady's dressin'-room. There was a door through it into the nursery, and in about an hour or so I heard my mistress come up there, and, as it was bed-time, I knocked and went in to help her to undress, as I was always used to do.

She was sitting before her glass, washing her face with some rose-water, and she started as I opened the door. She didn't need to try and deceive me, poor thing, into thinking that she hadn't been crying!

"How you startled me, nurse!" she said.

I answered, "But I knocked, ma'am—didn't you hear me knock?"

"I suppose I was not thinking about you, Mary," she said, hurriedly.

I said, "I don't think you are in spirits this evening, ma'am. You'll feel it lonesome to-night without master. Shall I leave the doors open through to the nursery, so as you can hear me and the baby?"

I wanted her to think about the baby. But she said, sorrowfully,

"No, thank you, Mary. I'm used to being lonely."

I still wanted her to think about the baby; and pretending that I heard it stirring, I went back through the open door into the nursery for a moment, and after pretending to soothe it, called her to look at it.

"Oh dear, ma'am," I said, "do come and look at the dear child. I don't know that ever I saw it look so pretty in its innocent sleep!"

She came in her white dressing-gown, which she had loosely put on, but her face, that had flushed to a deep red as she first looked at the child, grew almost whiter than her gown, while she stood silent by the little bed.

"Dear me, ma'am," I said, "what is so innocent and beautiful to look at as a little sleeping babe! I can't think how any one can ever hurt a child! I do think, if I was to hurt a baby through cruelty or passion, I couldn't never say my prayers again hardly."

My lady stooped over the child until her long hair, which was all hangin' loose, fell over its face and her own, and quite hid them both from my sight, as she answered something that I couldn't hear.

Looking at the nursery clock, I said:

"But, dear me, ma'am, you must be tired! It is now upon the stroke of eleven."

At the mention of the hour she half started from her low posture, no doubt remembering when she had last heard a mention of eleven o'clock, and in the start she gave she awoke the baby from its sleep. Throwing out its little arms the child caught at some of her bright long hair as it floated away from her and began to cry.

I wouldn't quiet it. I left it all to her. And oh, how I hoped the child's voice might call her back to what she used to be before that dark, handsome face had been seen in our house! She might not have been happy, but she was innocent then!

"The baby will always leave off crying best for you, ma'am," I said. "I will just go and put out some water for you into the basin, and unfold your night-dress ready."

She could not but take the crying baby, and I left her hushing it to rest. When I came back the child was asleep in her arms, but the tears were raining down from my lady's eyes upon its little night-dress. I thought I heard her crying.

Taking the child from her, I laid it into bed, and then said, as my lady tried in vain to stop her tears,

"Oh, my dear mistress, I am sure you can't be well. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, Mary dear," she answered. "Nothing!"

"Shall I send for my master?" I asked. "I am sure he would grieve dreadfully if you was ill."

"Mary!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

But I went on:

"Yes, ma'am, you may not think so, because master is so quiet like, but I know he would feel it very much, in his way, *if any thing happened to you.*"

How strong I tried to speak those words!

"He is fond of the baby too," I said, "though he seldom notices it, for when I took it to the study window the other day, when I was out with it in the garden, he took it in his arms and played with it a long time."

She took upon her to seem quite haughty all at once, as she rose, and told me that I need not say any more; but I didn't mind, I only said,

"Dear mistress, you surely won't be offended with me, who have waited on you so long?"

"I am tired, Mary," she answered, "and shall go to bed now." And she shut her dressin'-room door, saying that I need not come in again to help her in undressing, for that the baby was not quite sound.

I never went to sleep that night, and I got out of bed several times to listen at her door, which, when I heard her go through into her bedroom, I had set ajar. She was always stirring, never still. And in the middle of the night I heard her crying as she had done among the fir-trees in the shrubbery. She seemed to sleep once for a short time, but awoke herself in calling out, "Gerald, do not tempt me!" in a nightmare dream.

In the morning I rose with a feeling as if a great weight were upon me which I must remove by some great endeavor before the night and eleven o'clock came. I wanted, if possible, that my dear mistress should take it off herself, without my having to show her that I knew what had passed in the shrubbery the night before. I said to myself, "Surely she will think many times before she will go out from these doors to-night. Perhaps she will think better of it. Perhaps she has never meant to go. Any how, I know the time appointed, and I can watch, and, at the last, I can but speak."

My lady spent almost all day in her dressin'-room, and I fancied she was writing. I was glad she kept there, because it was next the nursery, and I made the baby crow merrily, and talk in her pretty way continually, so as to keep the dear little creature in her mind. The child had learned to say "Mamma" quite plain, and, going up to the dressin'-room with her little uncertain footsteps, many times through the day she called to her to come in, with her sweet tender little voice. My lady did not come, however, but kept her own room closely; and I began to think that she was afraid to look at the dear baby any more—that she really meant to leave it.

The day wore on. My mistress, who had breakfasted up stairs, only went down to dinner at five o'clock, and she remained in the drawin'-room afterward instead of coming, as she most times did, to bid the baby good-night and see me undress and put it into bed. We were a very regular household, and by ten o'clock all the servants were settled for the night. My lady, looking into the nursery with her dressin'-gown on (for she had been in her room for some little time), told me that I might go to bed, for that she had something she wished to read, and might, perhaps, sit up late. I made answer, "Very well, ma'am," and that was all. My lady never looked toward the little bed where the baby was sleeping.

I didn't undress, but I got into bed with my clothes on, and lay waiting and listening. We always burned a candle in the nursery on account of the baby, and I often recall that troubled wakeful hour when, by its dim light, I lay listening to every sound in my lady's dressin'-room, while the queer shadows of the night-shade danced and flickered on the ceiling.

My mistress, to seem quite careless like, had left the door of the dressin'-room partly open, and as she sat there I could hear the leaves of a book turned over and over for a length of time. The hour seemed forever long. Nothing to listen to but the ticking of the nursery clock, and the turning of the pages of my lady's book. Nothing to look at but the shadow of the night-shade on the ceiling. I guessed that my mistress had left her own bedroom door open to the staircase, and that she would leave a light still burning in the dressin'-room, and go down, and out by way of the garden passage, as we called it, at the end of which was a side-door, very easy to open, and almost out of hearing of any one in the house.

The nursery clock struck eleven, and still I heard my mistress in the dressin'-room; but I knew she must be going soon now. Presently there was a sound as if she had risen from her chair, and I fancied she was listening to hear if all was still. Then I heard the door from the dressin'-room into the bedroom shut very gently.

That was the moment for me to get up. I did get up; and, taking the sleeping child in my arms, I went softly, without my shoes, out into the landing (for I had left my door ajar as my mistress had done hers), and down the broad staircase, along the hall, and into the garden passage before she had left her room. The baby still slept, and I stood quite still, close by the garden door. In less than ten minutes my mistress, with a candle in her hand, came down the passage too. She was dressed completely, with a bonnet on. She came so hurriedly, so fearfully, and so often looking back, and I stood so much in shadow, in a corner of the doorway, that she didn't see me until she was within a yard or two from me. But when she did see me, and saw in my face that I knew or guessed all, and when, above every thing, I held the little sleeping baby toward her in my outstretched arms, as though it were the real bar, the real chain, which was to hold her back, she stopped, and, with a strong shiver, sank down powerless on the stone floor of the passage at my feet. I had seized the candle as it fell from out her trembling hand, and set it on a bracket fastened to the wall. Then I kissed her, and cried over her, and said I was sure she would not go. She would let me take a letter out to him—we never spoke his name then, nor afterward—but she would never go and leave the dear, dear baby! Down in that stone passage, in the dead of night (for it was long past the appointed hour), when all the house were dreaming and at rest, my dear lady and I wept and sobbed together; and all the while the Tempter waited in the moonlight, among the fir-trees, for her who would never come!

My dears, I can never tell you all that passed between my lady and me that night. The whole thing has always been a secret, ever since, from all the world; and even now, when the chief actors in it are dead, I have named no names.

I only tell you that, by God's mercy working on her heart, and by the unexpected sight of her little child at the last moment before the awful step would have been taken, she was saved. She loved the Tempter, and by that bitterness found out, too late, that she had never loved her husband. But I thank God she was saved from a bitterness greater still; known alone to a wretched mother who forsakes her innocent baby, and leaves for it only the memory of her name ruined and disgraced!

She lived, after that terrible night and the illness it cost her were passed, to be cheerful in trying to do her duty, and in time, after a sort, even happy; for she had more children, and loved them as only a dreary wife with a neglectful, unsuitable husband can. But she died young, after all—no doubt it was for the best—and no one but I ever knew what a great struggle her life had been.

That is my story, my dears. I pray that you may never have to experience what that poor lady had.

*

We all sat very still, and cried quietly. I think we all *felt* of whom the story was told, but nurse had said it was a secret, and we never afterward, even to each other, hazarded a guess.

It had its effect. Bella did not marry Mr. Joachim. That unsuitable engagement went off, as a dark, unwholesome night will go off before the rising sun. When my Aunt Dorothea came a better and healthier life began for all of us; for she was a delightful woman, who, in the course of her useful life, checkered with many a trial, had gathered stores of wisdom, sympathy, and kindliness, which she exercised abundantly for her nieces' advantage. We are all married now, and, I am thankful to say, congenially and happily. Our father, and our Aunt Dorothea, lie in their quiet graves in the village church-yard; but Nurse Parket survives them all. Very old, but very active, she is the delight of our little children. She lives with me, as the eldest of her nurslings, but often stays with the others, and particularly with Bella, whom she loves as tenderly as she loves me. She often tells my children, and Bella's children, stories that we both well remember, but the one I have recorded she has never told again; nor have I, nor has Bella, ever, in all our long talks with Nurse Parket, referred to it by a single word.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

LAND DRAINAGE.

STONE DRAINS.

C. P., Marquette County, Wisconsin, writes:

"I have read a great deal on the comparative value of tile and stone drainage. There are many warm advocates on both sides of the subject on both sides of the Atlantic. In England there are the deep drainers and the shallow drainers, and in this country we have them too. So far as I can see, the tiles have many advantages beyond stones or other materials, but they are not within my reach at any reasonable cost. Moreover, there is a great deal of stone on my land, and I am determined to use it for drains, for I consider that the improvement to the land would pay me to get rid of it in any way. Any information you may be kind enough to give in the 'Weekly Farmer' will be of great advantage to me (for I have no practical information on the subject, although a farmer all my life), and land drainage is of so much importance, I am sure what you have to say will be of general interest to your readers."

Space will not permit us to even glance at the subject of tile drainage. Let it be remembered that stone drains often cost more than tile drains. This is true if stones have to be carted a long distance, and that tiles can be had cheaply. But if the former are within *a stone's-throw* of the ditch, and that tiles can not be had cheaply, and that the removal of the stones will improve the land, there can be no doubt in this case that stone drains are desirable.

The lines may be laid out for stone as for tile drains. The fall for the former should be greater than for the latter, because the water meets with more hinderance than in passing through tiles. The ditches may be cut in the same way as for tiles. The grade should be uniform. No doubt water will pass out at one end of a stone drain if the other be higher, but if the bottom of the ditch between these two points be a curved line, the action of the water passing over the high places is always tending to wash them to the low ones, and especially if the soil be not of a very stiff kind. When the lines are found for the ditches it would be well, in order to prevent unnecessary excavation, to measure the *exact* width for the top of the drain, and mark it on both sides. Begin to excavate at the lower end or outlet of the main drain, and cut it nearly to the desired grade, so that the water may escape, and so go backward to the most remote part of the *system*, cutting the lateral drains as met with in the same manner. The work may now be brought to a finished grade, and the stones put in the ditches. We shall probably at a future time go into the detail of laying out land for underdrains, mode of digging drains, the use of *leveling rods*, etc.; but presuming our correspondent to be familiar with these things, we have thus far, and will continue to confine our remarks to other parts of the subject about which he seems to be more specially interested. There are several ways of constructing stone drains, the most important of which are as follow: If the bottom is a stiff clay, flat stones six or seven inches thick are laid a few inches apart, and other flat stones put over them so as to *break joints*. Then ordinary-sized stones are filled in, more or less, according to the quantity of water to be carried away, and the wishes of the drainer, if he is very desirous to rid his land of much stones. If a large body of them is put in, the ditches must of course be correspondingly deep, so that when the work is finished the top of the drain will be a proper distance below the surface of the soil.

If the bottom of the ditch be a running soil, it is usual to place a row of flat stones before laying the others.

Another way is to put a row of flat stones on the bottom, and then flat stones are stood on their edges, meeting in a point like the two sides of the letter A.

Another way is to put flat stones in the bottom as already described, and place flat stones on their edges, but like the two sides of the letter V. Flat stones are then placed on the top so as to break joints. Some drainers prefer to lessen the angle of the V-shaped duct, and instead of placing flat stones over the top, to put stones of other shape, so as to keep the sides apart, but not so deep between them as to stop the passage-way for the water. It is self-evident that a ditch should not be cut so wide at the bottom for the V as the A shaped drain. It is said in favor of the former that a small quantity of water is more active in carrying away sediment than in the latter.

Another way, and one that is much practiced in Ireland, is to place a row of flat stones on the bottom, then stand flat stones on their edges in an upright position close to one side of the ditch, and lay other flat stones in a slanting direction from the other side of the drain resting against the upright ones. Boards laid in the bottom, instead of stones, answer well. There should be great care in all the modes described to make the joints as close as possible. Sometimes small stones are not thrown over the water-ducts; but, in such case, inverted sods, straw, tan, shavings, etc., are used. When these decay are not the drains likely to be stopped up? Such is the experience of many, especially if the joints are not close. When a body of stones is put over the water-ducts it is well to finish with small ones, and better still with soft stones that may be pounded into a compact mass, so as to prevent the possibility of soil or sediment passing between the stones, which would be likely to stop the drain.

Another way is to use stones in a solid mass without any water-duct. If this plan is adopted, be careful not to put in any large stones that would be likely to dam the water. Whenever a solid mass of stones is used, either with or without water-ducts, it is absolutely necessary, in the making of a good drain, to finish with small stones, and if possible, as stated before, with stone that may be pounded fine to make a compact surface.

Stone drains are sure to run freely at *first;* but when not *well made*, how many farmers have been disappointed, after a few years, in finding them *choked!*

CROP NEWS.

TEXAS.—We learn that the injury done by the frost in Washington, Fayette, Bastrop, Austin, and Harris Counties, was very much exaggerated.

GEORGIA.—We learn from Houston County that the rust is less injurious than was anticipated. Thus far it has been confined to the leaves and lower joints. Crops fertilized with guano were most injured by the rust.

MICHIGAN.—The news about the wheat crop is most cheering.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

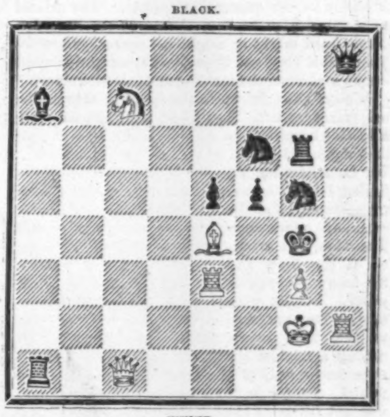
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. H. You will observe that we avail ourselves of your three-move Problem. Let us hear from you often. In answer to your inquiry respecting the *Illustrated London News*, we have to state that the Chess department of that journal is still under the control of Mr. Howard Staunton. Those of the London *Era* and *Illustrated News of the World* are in charge of Mr. Löwenthal.

PROBLEM XXV.

BY B. H.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXIV.

	WHITE.	BLACK.
1.	K to R 2	P to Q
2.	K takes Q	B moves
3.	B to B 8	B moves
4.	B to K B 8 checkmate	

CHESS IN NEW YORK.—Since the return of Mr. Paul Morphy from Europe, and during his temporary stay in New York, although he does not appear to have given renewed evidence of his wonderful powers of blindfold play, he has yet shown the most convincing proofs of his surpassing skill across the board by extending large odds to some of our very best players. Mr. Perrin, President of the Brooklyn Chess Club, has encountered defeat at the odds of Queen's Knight in a very signal manner, in a match wherein the first winner of five games was to be declared the conqueror. Mr. Morphy scored that number while his antagonist did not gain one; a single game also being drawn. Mr. James Thompson has commenced a match with Mr. Morphy on the same terms. One game only has been played up to the present time on this match, which resulted in Mr. T.'s favor. It is a fine specimen of Chess skill, and will be found below:

SICILIAN OPENING.

(*White's Queen's Knight should be removed from the Board.*)

	WHITE (*Mr. M.*)	BLACK (*Mr. T.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to Q B 4 (*a*)
2.	P to K B 4	P to K 3
3.	Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
4.	P to Q B 3	P to Q 4
5.	P to K 5	Q to B 2
6.	B to Q 3	B to K 2
7.	B to Q B 2	P to Q 5
8.	Q to K 2	P to K R 3
9.	Castles	B to Q 2
10.	P to Q Kt 3	Q to Kt 3 (*b*)
11.	K to R (*c*)	P to K Kt 4 (*d*)
12.	P takes Kt's P	R P takes P
13.	P to Q 3	P to K Kt 5
14.	Kt to Kt 5	P to K B 4 (*e*)
15.	P takes P (*en pass.*)	Kt takes P
16.	Kt takes P	B takes Kt
17.	Q takes B	Kt to Q
18.	Q to K B 5	Q to K 3
19.	Q to Kt 6 (ch)	Kt to K B 2
20.	P takes P	Q to K 7
21.	B to R 3	R to R 3
22.	Q to Kt 7	Q takes B
23.	K R to K	Castles
24.	Q R to Q B	Q to K B 7
25.	B takes Q B P	B takes B
26.	R to K B	Q takes P at Q 4
27.	R to K B 5	P to Q Kt 3
28.	Q takes Q Kt (*f*)	R takes P (ch)
29.	K takes R	P to Kt 6 (ch)
30.	K takes P	Q to Kt 5 (ch)
31.	K to R 2	Q to R 5 checkmate

NOTES.

(*a*) Mr. Thompson certainly exercises sound judgment in declining to risk "1 P to K 4." We take it that the Sicilian opening is by far safer for second player, when receiving the advantage of Queen's Knight.

(*b*) Black's conduct of this game throughout appears to us as unexceptionable, and contrasts most favorably with the timid and wavering style so frequently adopted by the defense when large odds are given.

(*c*) To avoid a *fork* of Queen and Bishop by adverse Queen's Pawn; which, in conjunction with the subsequent advance of Bishop's Pawn, discovering check, would cost Mr. Morphy a piece.

(*d*) Mr. Thompson here assumes the offensive in right earnest, and follows up his attack in a very masterly manner.

(*e*) An excellent move. The capture of this Pawn, *en passant*, may be considered as compulsory.

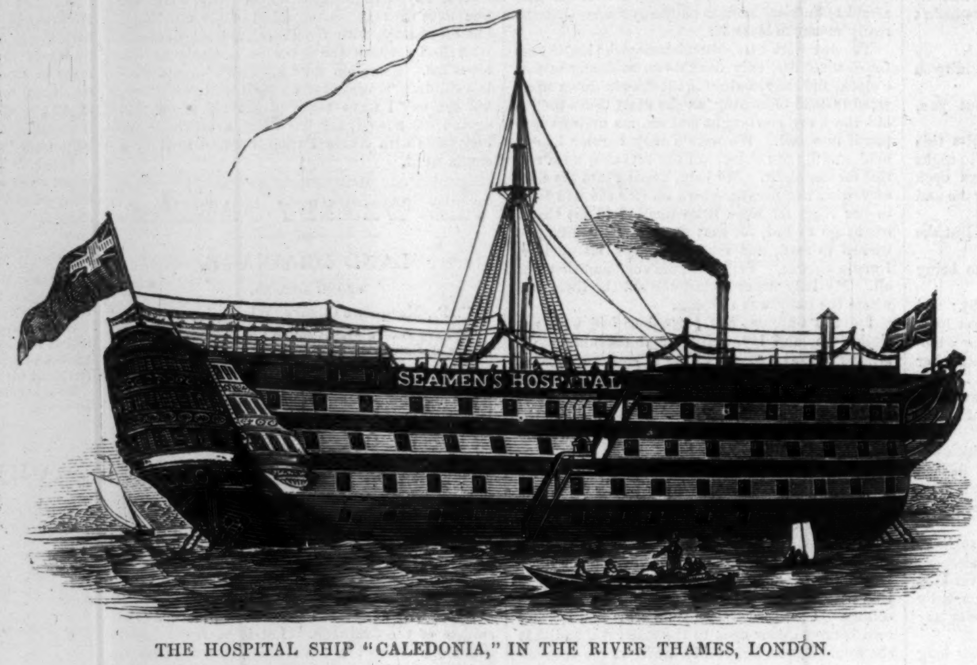
(*f*) The mate is now forced in four moves. We look forward with a good deal of interest for the continuance of this match. Mr. T., from his fearless style of play, is a tremendously ugly customer to give a piece; but we do not think he will have his own way throughout in so complete a manner as he has indulged himself in on the present occasion.

THE FLOATING HOSPITAL IN THE LOWER BAY.

WE publish herewith engravings of the proposed hospital ship in the Lower Bay of New York; also a picture of the *Caledonia*, which has lately replaced the old *Dreadnaught* as the floating hospital for the port of London, England.

It is now abundantly evident that the only quarantine hospital that is suited to this port is a floating one. The existing hospitals on Staten Island are fruitful of pestilence to the city and all its suburbs; the temper of the Islanders, too, shows that they could never hereafter be considered safe receptacles for the sick, without a standing army to protect them. It is out of the question to propose a hospital on Coney Island, Long Island, or any of the islets in the Sound. Sandy Hook, unfortunately, the terrors and prejudices of New Jersey will not permit us to acquire. We have to choose, therefore, between a floating hospital, anchored at a safe distance from shore in the Lower Bay, and no quarantine hospitals at all.

There are many persons of experience and judgment who believe that quarantines are an obsolete absurdity, which should not be tolerated in an enlightened age; and it must be admitted that, while quarantine regulations and *cordons sanitaires* have never excluded disease from any country, the evidence goes to show that *lazzaretti* and quarantines have sometimes bred, and often intensified malignant epidemics. Still the public mind is not yet ripe for a total abolition of the quarantine system. The arrival of a vessel like the *Susquehanna* at the Brooklyn Navy Yard might or might not spread yellow fever in New York and Brooklyn; it certainly would create a panic of the most formidable character.

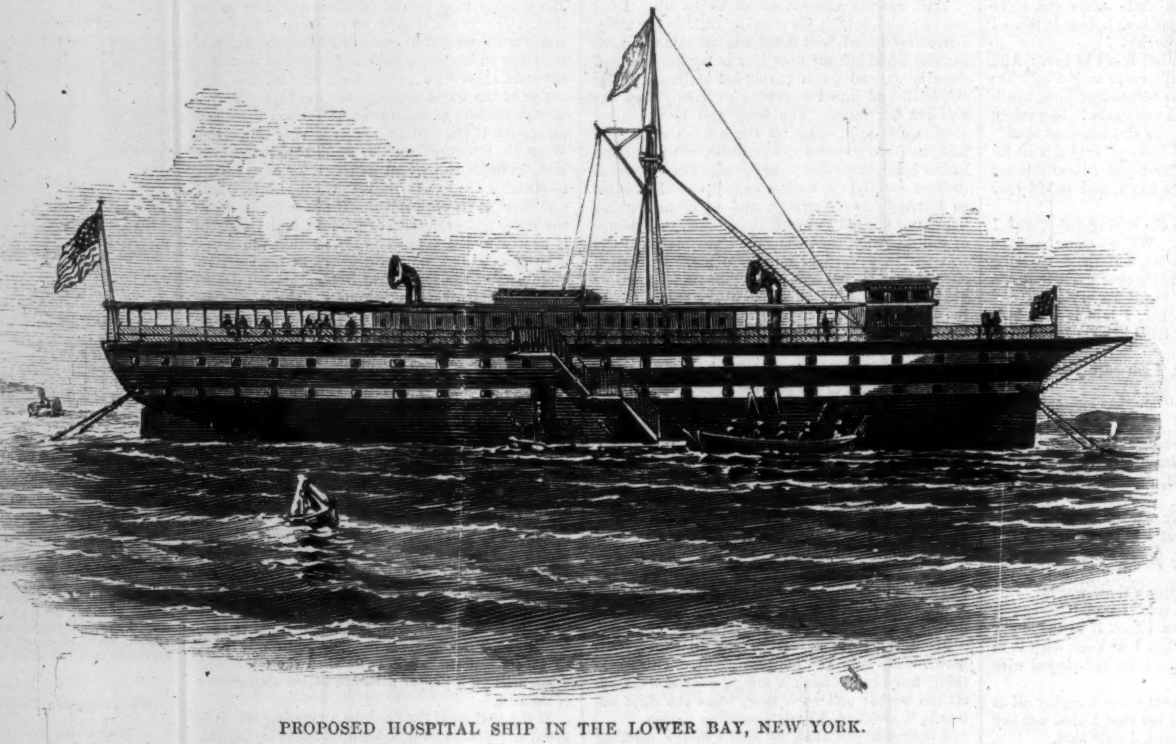


THE HOSPITAL SHIP "CALEDONIA," IN THE RIVER THAMES, LONDON.

We are thus driven to the hospital ship as the only resource left. Ten years have elapsed since a floating hospital was first suggested by Dr. W. C. Anderson, of Staten Island, as the true remedy for the evils of quarantine. The idea was scouted at the time, and for many subsequent years. Letters written by Dr. Anderson to the city papers, urging a trial of the experiment, only provoked derision. It was not till after the Legislature had appointed Commissioners to purchase Sandy Hook, and found that Jersey would not treat with them on any terms; till after the people of Staten Island had burned down the quarantine hospitals, first at Seguine's Point, and next at Tompkinsville; till every other plan, in short, had been tried and had proved a failure, that the Legislature and authorities of the State fell back upon the hospital ship as a necessity.

It is now in progress. The Commissioners for the removal of Quarantine have purchased the old steamer *Falcon*, which is being fitted out to serve as the future floating hospital. She ought to be ready to take her place in the Lower Bay by this time. If, however, inexperienced persons are allowed to trifle with the matter—a prospect not wholly unlikely from present appearances—she may be delayed a month or more.

The accompanying engraving of the *Caledonia* will serve to guide the Commissioners in their preparations. We take the following particulars from a letter which Dr. Anderson published in the *Herald* in 1856: "The *Caledonia* is a ship of 2216 tons burden, 205 feet long by 53 feet 8 inches wide. She is divided as follows: The forecastle is arranged as cabins for the petty officers of the ship and their families. The poop is occupied by the superintendent solely. The main deck is laid out in the following manner: The whole of the after-part is adapted as a dining-room and general quarters for the principal medical officer, surgeon, assistant-surgeon, and chaplain. The starboard side is separated by a Gothic screen of old oak wood, and is converted into an elegant chapel capable of containing sixty persons. The larboard of this deck is hung with fifty or sixty hammocks for the accommodation of convalescents removed from the sick wards, while the fore-part of the same deck serves as quartermasters' cabins, female nurses' dining-room, carpenters' work-shop, dispensary, etc., etc.



PROPOSED HOSPITAL SHIP IN THE LOWER BAY, NEW YORK.

"On the aft starboard side of the middle deck, in close proximity with an open gallery, is a commodious room for surgical operations; the other portions of this deck afford a space for the reception of cases of accidents, and cabins for the nurses.

"The lower quarter-deck contains a museum, quarters for the fever patients, and cabins for the hospital attendants. A portion of the orlop-deck is appropriated as a dead-house, and is fitted with a slate table for the purpose of *post mortem* examinations. This deck also contains the lavatories and hair-cutting rooms. Two pumps are fitted in this deck, with an engine hose in case of fire, and serves for washing decks and various other uses. One of the ports has been enlarged four feet square, so as to admit patients in cases of emergency.

"The various compartments of the ship are heated from this deck with supply pipes, laid on each deck, with hot air. Here are also six tanks for containing a good supply of fresh water, and stores for housing upward of six hundred tons of coal and coke. With this minute attention to the comfort and convenience of the officers and attendants, nothing has been neglected which could secure the well-being of the patients; and the success which the medical and surgical departments of the floating hospital realize is, in a great measure, due to the admirable arrangements which could not be so well accomplished on shore."

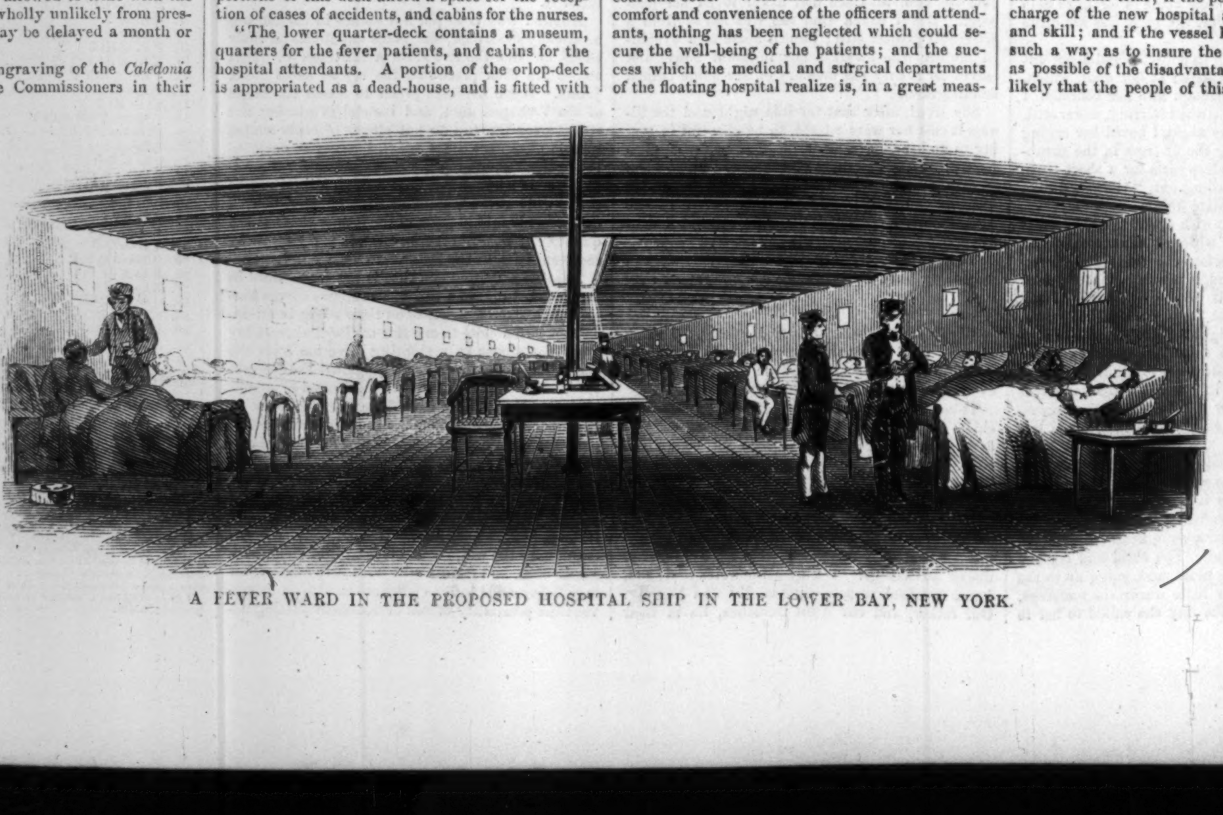
The peculiar advantage of a floating hospital consists in the ease with which it can be ventilated. Fresh air, as every one knows, is the best of all remedial agents: in a hospital ship, properly ventilated, a far more copious and steady supply of fresh air can be obtained than on any hospital on shore. Whether from this or from some other cause, it appears that the terrible accidents known as hospital gangrene and erysipelas, which are so frequently fatal in the hospitals of London and Paris, are unknown on board the *Caledonia*.

The disadvantages of a floating hospital are not insurmountable. If the ship be allowed to leak and bilge-water to accumulate, the air will become unwholesome; this can be remedied by proper pumping. The rocking motion of the vessel, which in high weather would be inconvenient to the patients, may be prevented by the construction of a proper guard on either side of the vessel at the water's edge. If a proper person be placed in charge, the system may be as complete and as perfect in every way as any hospital on shore.

We trust that the authorities who have this matter in charge will give the ship a fair trial. The public look to the Board of Health and the Commissioners of Emigration, in whom the control of quarantine matters resides, to carry out the law to the best of their abilities. We are sorry to notice evidence that both these bodies are tainted with the vices which render almost all our municipal departments a by-word and a reproach. Though yellow fever ships are arriving here every day, the Board of Health—with Mayor Tiemann at its head—has employed no tug for the boarding of vessels in the Lower Bay; the Mayor should try to make us rather forget than remember his silly threats against the "Sepoys." The Commissioners of Emigration, so far as is known, have afforded no aid to the Commissioners who are intrusted with the execution of the Act of 1859. Some of these gentlemen seem to fancy that they have a corporate dignity to preserve which rises far superior to such petty concerns as the health and lives of the people of New York. Among none of the various boards which are concerned in this matter have we heard of any vigorous endeavor, or even any honest desire, to carry out the law, or to remedy existing evils.

If the hospital ship experiment should fail through the inexperience of the persons who have it in charge, or through the mismanagement or the indifference or the jobbing propensities of any Commissioners or their subordinates, there will lie on some shoulders a responsibility which few men of any character or conscience would care to bear.

If, on the other hand, the experiment should be allowed a fair trial; if the persons who are to have charge of the new hospital are men of judgment and skill; and if the vessel herself be fitted up in such a way as to insure the benefits with as few as possible of the disadvantages of the plan, it is likely that the people of this part of the country may congratulate themselves on the settlement of a very intricate and troublesome question. It may safely be asserted, after the experience of the past two or three years, that, whether it be safe or not to abolish quarantine altogether, no hospital for this port could be established on any site in the Bay or the vicinity without grave inconvenience, and probably some danger of pestilence as well to the neighborhood of the hospital as to the city and its suburbs. The question is now narrowed down to a choice between the floating hospital or no Quarantine at all.



A FEVER WARD IN THE PROPOSED HOSPITAL SHIP IN THE LOWER BAY, NEW YORK.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER III.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL had to inform the jury that the prisoner before them, though young in years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life. That this correspondence with the public enemy was not a correspondence of to-day, or of yesterday, or even of last year, or of the year before. That, it was certain the prisoner had, for longer than that, been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That, if it were in the nature of traitorous ways to thrive (which, happily, it never was), the real wickedness and guilt of his business might have remained undiscovered. That, Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes, and, struck with horror, to disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State and most honorable Privy Council. That, this patriot would be produced before them. That, his position and attitude were, on the whole, sublime. That, he had been the prisoner's friend, but at once in an auspicious and an evil hour detecting his infamy, had resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom on the sacred altar of his country. That, if statues were decreed in Britain, as in ancient Greece and Rome, to public benefactors, this shining citizen would assuredly have had one. That, as they were not so decreed, he probably would not have one. That, Virtue, as had been observed by the poets (in many passages which he well knew the jury would have, word for word, at the tips of their tongues; whereat the jury's countenances displayed a guilty consciousness that they knew nothing about the passages), was, in a manner, contagious; more especially the bright virtue known as patriotism, or love of country. That, the lofty example of this immaculate and unimpeachable witness for the Crown, to refer to whom, however unworthily, was an honor, had communicated itself to the prisoner's servant, and had engendered in him a holy determination to examine his master's table-drawers and pockets, and secrete his papers. That, he (Mr. Attorney-General) was prepared to hear some disparagement attempted of this admirable servant; but that, in a general way, he preferred him to his (Mr. Attorney-General's) brothers and sisters, and honored him more than his (Mr. Attorney-General's) father and mother. That, he called with confidence on the jury to come and do likewise. That, the evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents of their discovering that would be produced, would show the prisoner to have been furnished with lists of his Majesty's forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land; and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile Power. That, these lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting; but that it was all the same; that, indeed, it was rather the better for the prosecution, as showing the prisoner to be artful in his precautions. That, the proof would go back five years, and would show the prisoner already engaged in these pernicious missions within a few weeks before the date of the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. That, for these reasons, the jury, being a loyal jury (as he knew they were), and being a responsible jury (as *they* knew they were), must positively find the prisoner Guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not. That, they never could lay their heads upon their pillows—that, they never could tolerate the idea of their wives laying their heads upon their pillows; that, they never could endure the notion of their children laying their heads upon their pillows; in short, that there never more could be, for them or theirs, any laying of heads upon pillows at all, unless the prisoner's head was taken off. That head Mr. Attorney-General concluded by demanding of them, in the name of every thing he could think of, with a round, round turn, and on the faith of his solemn asseveration that he already considered the prisoner as good as dead and gone.

When the Attorney-General ceased, a buzz arose in the court as if a cloud of great blue-flies were swarming about the prisoner in anticipation of what he was soon to become. When it toned down again, the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness-box.

Mr. Solicitor-General then, following his leader's lead, examined the patriot: John Barsad, gentleman, by name. The story of his pure soul was exactly what Mr. Attorney-General had described it to be—perhaps, if it had a fault, a little too exactly. Having released his noble bosom of its burden, he would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that the wigged gentleman with the papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions. The wigged gentleman sitting opposite still looked at the ceiling of the court.

Had he ever been a spy himself? No, he scorned the base insinuation. What did he live upon? His property. Where was his property? He didn't precisely remember where it was. What was it? No business of any body's. Had he inherited it? Yes, he had. From whom? Distant relation. Very distant? Rather. Ever been in prison? Certainly not. Never in a debtors' prison? Didn't see what that had to do with it. Never in a debtors' prison?—Come, once again. Never? Yes. How many times? Two or three times. Not five or six? Perhaps. Of what profession? Gentleman. Ever been kicked? Might have been. Frequently? No. Ever kicked down stairs? Decidedly not; once received a kick on the top of a staircase, and fell down stairs of his own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault, but it was not true. Swear it was not true? Positively. Ever live by cheating at play? Never. Ever live by play? Not more than other gentlemen do. Ever borrow money of the prisoner? Yes. Ever pay him? No. Was not this intimacy with the prisoner, in reality a very slight one, forced upon the prisoner in coaches, inns, and packets? No. Sure he saw the prisoner with these lists? Certain. Knew any more about the lists? No. Had not procured them himself, for instance? No. Expect to get any thing by this evidence? No. Not in regular government pay and employment to lay traps? Oh dear no. Or to do any thing? Oh dear no. Swear that? Over and over again. No motives but motives of sheer patriotism? None whatever.

The virtuous servant, Roger Cly, swore his way through the case at a great rate. He had taken service with the prisoner, in good faith and simplicity, four years ago. He had asked the prisoner, aboard the Calais packet, if he wanted a handy fellow, and the prisoner had engaged him. He had not asked the prisoner to take the handy fellow as an act of charity—never thought of such a thing. He began to have suspicions of the prisoner, and to keep an eye upon him, soon afterward. In arranging his clothes, while traveling, he had seen similar lists to these in the prisoner's pockets, over and over again. He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. He had not put them there first. He had seen the prisoner show these identical lists to French gentlemen, at Calais, and similar lists to French gentlemen, both at Calais and Boulogne. He loved his country, and couldn't bear it, and had given information. He had never been suspected of stealing a silver tea-pot; he had been maligned respecting a mustard-pot, but it turned out to be only a plated one. He had known the last witness seven or eight years; that was merely a coincidence. He didn't call it a particularly curious coincidence; most coincidences were curious. Neither did he call it a curious coincidence that true patriotism was *his* only motive too. He was a true Briton, and hoped there were many like him.

The blue-flies buzzed again, and Mr. Attorney-General called Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry, are you a clerk in Tellson's bank?"

"I am."

"On a certain Friday night in November one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, did business occasion you to travel between London and Dover by the mail?"

"It did."

"Were there any other passengers in the mail?"

"Two."

"Did they alight on the road in the course of the night?"

"They did."

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"

"I can not undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"

"Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so dark, and we were all so reserved, that I can not undertake to say even that."

"Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were, is there any thing in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"

"No."

"You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them?"

"No."

"So at least you say he may have been one of them?"

"Yes. Except that I remember them both to have been—like myself—timorous of highwaymen, and the prisoner has not a timorous air."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity, Mr. Lorry?"

"I certainly have seen that."

"Mr. Lorry, look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him, to your certain knowledge, before?"

"I have."

"When?"

"I was returning from France a few days afterward, and, at Calais, the prisoner came on board the packet-ship in which I returned, and made the voyage with me."

"At what hour did he come on board?"

"At a little after midnight."

"In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that untimely hour?"

"He happened to be the only one."

"Never mind about 'happening,' Mr. Lorry. He was the only passenger who came on board in the dead of the night?"

"He was."

"Were you traveling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companion?"

"With two companions. A gentleman and lady. They are here."

"They are here. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

"Hardly any. The weather was stormy, and the passage long and rough, and I lay on a sofa almost from shore to shore."

Miss Manette!

The young lady, to whom all eyes had been turned before, and were now turned again, stood up where she sat. Her father rose with her, and kept her hand drawn through his arm.

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such earnest youth and beauty, was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd. Standing, as it were, apart with her on the edge of his grave, not all the staring curiosity that looked on, could, for the moment, nerve him to remain quite still. His hurried right hand parceled out the herbs before him into imaginary beds of flowers in a garden; and his efforts to control and steady his breathing shook the lips from which the color rushed to his heart. The buzz of the great flies was loud again.

"Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where?"

"On board the packet-ship just now referred to, Sir, and on the same occasion."

"You are the young lady just now referred to?"

"Oh! most unhappily, I am!"

The plaintive tone of her compassion merged into the less musical voice of the Judge, as he said, something fiercely: "Answer the questions put to you, and make no remark upon them."

"Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Recall it."

In the midst of a profound stillness she faintly began:

"When the gentleman came on board—"

"Do you mean the prisoner?" inquired the Judge, knitting his brows.

"Yes, my Lord."

"Then say the prisoner."

"When the prisoner came on board he noticed that my father," turning her eyes lovingly to him as he stood beside her, "was much fatigued and in a very weak state of health. My father was so reduced that I was afraid to take him out of the air, and I had made a bed for him on the deck near the cabin steps, and I sat on the deck at his side to take care of him. There were no other passengers that night but we four. The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather better than I had done. I had not known how to do it well, not understanding how the wind would set when we were out of the harbor. He did it for me. He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father's state, and I am sure he felt it. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together."

"Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?"

"No."

"How many were with him?"

"Two French gentlemen."

"Had they conferred together?"

"They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat."

"Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?"

"Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers."

"Like these in shape and size?"

"Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near to me: because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that was hanging there; it was a dull lamp, and they spoke very low, and I did not hear what they said, and saw only that they looked at papers."

"Now to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette."

"The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me—which arose out of my helpless situation—as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father. I hope," bursting into tears, "I may not repay him by doing him harm to-day."

Buzzing from the blue-flies.

"Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not perfectly understand that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give—which you must give—and which you can not escape from giving—with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please to go on."

"He told me that he was traveling on business of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore traveling under an assumed name. He said that this business had, within a few days, taken him across, and might, at intervals, take him backward and forward between France and England for a long time to come."

"Did he say any thing about America, Miss Manette? Be particular."

"He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen, and he said that, so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part. He added, in a jesting way, that perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third. But there was no harm in his way of saying this: it was said laughingly, and to beguile the time."

Any strongly marked expression of face on the part of a chief actor in a scene of great interest to whom many eyes are directed, will be unconsciously imitated by the spectators. Her forehead was painfully anxious and intent as she gave this evidence, and, in the pauses when she

THE PRISONER AND HIS DOUBLE.

stopped for the Judge to write it down, watched its effect upon the Counsel for and against. Among the lookers-on there was the same expression in all quarters of the court; insomuch that a great majority of the foreheads there might have been mirrors reflecting the witness, when the Judge looked up from his notes to glare at that tremendous heresy about George Washington.

Mr. Attorney-General now signified to my Lord that he deemed it necessary, as a matter of precaution and form, to call the young lady's father, Doctor Manette; who was called accordingly.

"Doctor Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you ever seen him before?"

"Once. When he called at my lodgings in London. Some three years, or three years and a half, ago."

"Can you identify him as your fellow-passenger on board the packet, or speak to his conversation with your daughter?"

"Sir, I can do neither."

"Is there any particular and special reason for your being unable to do either?"

He answered, in a low voice, "There is."

"Has it been your misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment, without trial, or even accusation, in your native country, Doctor Manette?"

He answered, in a tone that went to every heart, "A long imprisonment."

"Were you newly released on the occasion in question?"

"They tell me so."

"Have you no remembrance of the occasion?"

"None. My mind is a blank from some time—I can not even say what time—when I employed myself, in my captivity, in making shoes, to the time when I found myself living in London with my dear daughter here. She had become familiar to me, when a gracious God restored my faculties; but I am quite unable even to say how she had become familiar. I have no remembrance of the process."

Mr. Attorney-General sat down, and the father and daughter sat down together.

A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object in hand being to show that the prisoner went down, with some fellow-plotter untracked, in the Dover mail on that Friday night in November five years ago, and got out of the mail in the night, as a blind, at a place where he did not remain, but from which he traveled back some dozen miles or more, to a garrison and dock-yard, and there collected information; a witness was called to identify him as having been at the precise time required, in the coffee-room of a hotel in that garrison-and-dock-yard town, waiting for another person. The prisoner's counsel was cross-examining this witness with no result, except that he had never seen the prisoner on any other occasion, when the wigged gentleman, who had all this time been looking at the ceiling of the court, wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper, screwed it up, and tossed it to him. Opening this piece of paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

"You say again you are quite sure that it *was* the prisoner?"

The witness was quite sure.

"Did you ever see any body very like the prisoner?"

Not so like (the witness said) as that he could be mistaken.

"Look well upon that gentleman, my learned friend there," pointing to him who had tossed the paper over, "and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you? Are they very like each other?"

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, if not debauched, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise not only the witness, but every body present, when they were thus brought into comparison. My Lord being prayed to bid my learned friend lay aside his wig, and giving no very gracious consent, the likeness became much more remarkable. My Lord inquired of Mr. Stryver (the prisoner's counsel) whether they were next to try Mr. Carton (name of my learned friend) for treason? But Mr. Stryver replied to my Lord, no; but he would ask the witness to tell him whether what happened once might happen twice; whether he would have been so confident if he had seen this illustration of his rashness sooner; whether he would be so confident, having seen it; and more. The upshot of which was to smash this witness like a crockery vessel, and shiver his part of the case to useless lumber.

Mr. Cruncher had by this time taken quite a lunch of rust off his fingers in his following of the evidence. He had now to attend while Mr. Stryver fitted the prisoner's case on the jury, like a compact suit of clothes; showing them how the patriot, Barsad, was a hired spy and traitor, an unblushing trafficker in blood, and one of the greatest scoundrels upon earth since accursed Judas—which he certainly did look rather like. How the virtuous servant, Cly, was his friend and partner, and was worthy to be; how the watchful eyes of those forgers and false swearers had rested on the prisoner as a victim, because some family affairs in France—he being of French extraction—did require his making those passages across the Channel: though what those affairs were, a consideration for others who were near and dear to him forbade him, even for his life, to disclose. How the evidence that had been warped and wrested from the young lady, whose anguish in giving it they had witnessed, came to nothing, involving the mere little innocent gallantries and politenesses likely to pass between any young gentleman and young lady so thrown together—with the exception of that reference to George Washington, which was altogether too extravagant and impossible to be regarded in any other light than as a monstrous joke. How it would be a weakness in the government to break down in this attempt to practice for popularity on the lowest national antipathies and fears, and therefore Mr. Attorney-General had made the most of it; how, nevertheless, it rested upon nothing, save that vile and infamous character of evidence too often disfiguring such cases, and of which the State Trials of this country were full. But there My Lord interposed (with as grave a face as if it had not been true), saying that he could not sit upon that Bench and suffer those allusions.

Mr. Stryver then called his few witnesses, and Mr. Cruncher had next to attend while Mr. Attorney-General turned the whole suit of clothes Mr. Stryver had fitted on the jury inside out; showing how Barsad and Cly were even a hundred times better than he had thought them, and the prisoner a hundred times worse. Lastly, came My Lord himself, turning the suit of clothes, now inside out, now outside in, but on the whole decidedly trimming and shaping them into grave-clothes for the prisoner.

And now the jury turned to consider, and the great flies swarmed again.

Mr. Carton, who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court, changed neither his place nor his attitude, even in this excitement. While his learned friend, Mr. Stryver, massing his papers before him, whispered with those who sat near, and from time to time glanced anxiously at the jury; while all the spectators moved more or less, and grouped themselves anew; while even My Lord himself arose from his seat, and slowly paced up and down his platform; not unattended by a suspicion in the minds of the audience that his state was feverish; this one man sat leaning back, with his torn gown half off him, his untidy wig put on just as it had happened to light on his head after its removal, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes on the ceiling as they had been all day. Something especially reckless in his demeanor, not only gave him a disreputable look, but so diminished the strong resemblance he undoubtedly bore to the prisoner (which his momentary earnestness, when they were compared together, had strengthened), that many of the lookers-on, taking note of him now, said to one another they would hardly have thought the two were so alike. Mr. Cruncher made the observation to his next neighbor, and added, "I'd hold half a guinea that *he* don't get no law-work to do. Don't look like the sort of one to get any, do he?"

Yet this Mr. Carton took in more of the details of the scene than he appeared to take in; for now, when Miss Manette's head dropped upon her father's breast, he was the first to see it, and to say audibly: "Officer! look to that young lady. Help the gentleman to take her out. Don't you see she will fall!"

There was much commiseration for her as she was removed, and much sympathy with her father. It had evidently been a great distress to him to have the days of his imprisonment recalled. He had shown strong internal agitation when he was questioned, and that pondering or brooding look which made him old, had been upon him, like a heavy cloud, ever since. As he passed out the jury, who had turned back and paused a moment, spoke, through their foreman.

They were not agreed, and wished to retire. My Lord (perhaps with George Washington on his mind) showed some surprise that they were not agreed, but signified his pleasure that they should retire under watch and ward, and retired himself. The trial had lasted all day, and the lamps in the court were now being lighted. It began to be rumored that the jury would be out a long while. The spectators dropped off to get refreshment, and the prisoner withdrew to the back of the dock, and sat down.

Mr. Lorry, who had gone out when the young lady and her father went out, now reappeared, and beckoned to Jerry: who, in the slackened interest, could easily get near him.

"Jerry, if you wish to take something to eat you can. But keep in the way. You will be sure to hear when the jury come in. Don't be a moment behind them, for I want you to take the verdict back to the bank. You are the quickest messenger I know, and will get to Temple Bar long before I can."

Jerry had just enough forehead to knuckle, and he knuckled it in acknowledgment of this communication and a shilling. Mr. Carton came up at the moment, and touched Mr. Lorry on the arm.

"How is the young lady?"

"She is greatly distressed; but her father is comforting her, and she feels the better for being out of court."

"I'll tell the prisoner so. It won't do for a respectable bank-gentleman like you to be seen speaking to him publicly, you know."

Mr. Lorry reddened, as if he were conscious of having debated the point in his mind, and Mr. Carton made his way to the outside of the bar. The way out of court lay in that direction, and Jerry followed him, all eyes, ears, and spikes.

"Mr. Darnay!"

The prisoner came forward directly.

"You will naturally be anxious to hear of the witness, Miss Manette. She will do very well. You have seen the worst of her agitation."

"I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of it. Could you tell her so for me, with my fervent acknowledgments?"

"Yes, I could. I will, if you ask it."

Mr. Carton's manner was so careless as to be almost insolent. He stood, half turned from the prisoner, lounging with his elbow against the bar.

"I do ask it. Accept my cordial thanks."

"What," said Carton, still only half turned toward him, "do you expect, Mr. Darnay?"

"The worst."

"It's the wisest thing to expect, and the likeliest. But I think their withdrawing is in your favor."

Loitering on the way out of court not being allowed, Jerry heard no more; but left them—so like each other in feature, so unlike each other in manner—standing side by side, both reflected in the glass above them.

An hour and a half limped heavily away in the thief-and-rascal-crowded passages below, even though assisted off with mutton pies and ale. The hoarse messenger, uncomfortably seated on a form after taking that refection, had dropped into a doze, when a loud murmur and a rapid tide of people getting up the stairs that led to the court carried him along with them.

"Jerry! Jerry!" Mr. Lorry was already calling at the door when he got there.

"Here, Sir! It's a fight to get back again. Here I am, Sir!"

Mr. Lorry handed him a paper through the throng. "Quick! Have you got it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Hastily written on the paper was the word "Acquitted."

"If you had sent the message, 'Recalled to Life,' again," muttered Jerry, as he turned, "I should have known what you meant this time."

He had no opportunity of saying, or so much as thinking, any thing else, until he was clear of the Old Bailey; for the crowd came pouring out with a vehemence that nearly took him off his legs, and a loud buzz swept into the street, as if the baffled blue-flies were dispersing in search of other carrion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LOVERS' VOWS.—The oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings.—*Shakspeare.*

"Come, Doctor, it's ten o'clock. I think we had better be going; for it's time honest folks were at home."

"Well, yes," was the reply, "I must be off; but you needn't go on that account."

"Our life is but a bubble," said Mrs. Simpkin, in a spirit of resignation, to her spouse, who was rating her about her slovenly habits. "I wish your life was a soap-bubble, then," rejoined the husband.

Miss Agnes Jane is fond of crinoline, and took a severe cold during the late sudden frost. "My dear," said her mother, "I am afraid you are going into a decline."—"Bless you, no," said the sprightly girl, "it's nothing but the *hooping cough.*"

A genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in the world—"First, the ordinary fool; second, the fool who is one and don't know it; third, the fool who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool."

Why does a door generally stand in the subjunctive mood?—Because it is mostly wood, or should be.

The helmet that Byron had made to wear in the Greek battles that he never fought, is now in South Boston, and so small that nine heads out of ten would more than fill it. We should think that eight heads out of ten would more than fill any helmet.

A visitor called upon Fontenelle, the celebrated French wit, and finding him out of temper, inquired—"What ails you, Fontenelle?" "What ails me?" he replied, "I have a servant who serves me as badly as if I had twenty."

In the Registration Court at Fife, on one occasion, a man was called on to appear as a witness, and could not be found. On Sheriff Monteith asking where he was, a grave elderly gentleman rose up, and with much deliberation and emphasis said, "My Lord, he's gone." "Gone, gone!" said the Sheriff, "where is he gone? Where's M—?" "God knows," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead!"

A man can not wait for his dinner without losing his temper, but see with what angelic sweetness a woman bears the trial! Has the woman more patience? Not a bit—only she has lunched, and the man has not.

THE WEATHER AT HOME.—A German prince, when introduced to an Englishman, by way of appropriately commencing the conversation, observed, "It is bad weather to-day." The Englishman shrugged up his shoulders, and replied, "Yes—but it is better than none."

Two men fired at an eagle at the same time and killed him. An Irishman observed, "They might have saved their powder and shot, for the fall would have killed him."

A FLOWER FOR A LOVER'S BUTTON-HOLE.—A lady's cheek is described as the poetical abode of the rose, but we are not told what kind of rose. When an ardent lover steals a kiss, we suppose it is "*a cabbage-rose.*"

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Oh! rich the harmony, sweet the scent
By Flora to the breezes lent,
While, softly as a mother's prayer,
Sweeps round our path the fragrant air.

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